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The Nation
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Vol. CXXV NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1927 No. 3247

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Subscription Rates: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, $5.50; and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, $6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: Nation, New York. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising: Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 13, Woburn Square, London, W. C. 1, England.

THE NATION is on file in most public and college libraries and is indexed in the *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature*.

ONE LEGIONNAIRE led a duck by a string down the Champs Elysees; Oklahoma's delegation included feathered Indians in full war paint, and the Texans appeared as cowboys in ten-gallon hats—while the French movie fans shouted "Tom Mix" from the sidewalks. The girls carried guns, and marched abreast the boys; children born long after the war carried flags; a six-foot-six drum major from Illinois, wearing a twelve-inch shako, tossed his baton high in the air to the delight of the Parisians; the Iowans carried corn-stalks, and the Michiganders wore baggy zouave trousers. A dozen gorgeously attired brass bands, such as Paris never saw before in peace or war, blared out "Madelon," "Tipperary," "Hail, hail, the gang's all here," and "Over There" with the indiscriminate enthusiasm of a Rotary convention. The little band of French wounded who marched solemnly between the uproarious State delegations must have wondered a bit at its football air, but the American Legion parade in Paris was undoubtedly a good show and it expressed the light-hearted spirit with which America went to war. The Legionnaires, for the moment at least, forgot the dirt and blood, the sweat of the long, dusty roads, the endless lines of ambulances, and the steady ratatat of machine-guns. They remembered, primarily, or so it seemed, the year that they had been released from the ordinary responsibilities of civilian life.

THE OVERFLOWING GOOD HUMOR of the Legionnaires won Paris in 1927, just as the doughboys won Paris and a thousand villages in 1917 and 1918. "They are just kids," the French said then, and doubtless they repeat it today, though the kids have thinner hair and are thicker in the middle. There are, however, even in Paris, signs of a sobering recognition of the awful meaning of the war. Rupert Hughes's article, There's Only One Kind of Americanism, printed in the *Legion Monthly* for July, marked an official discouragement of the excesses which have disgraced many Legion posts. And the resolution sponsored by Representative Hamilton Fish, Jr., which seems destined to pass the Legion convention, also marks a new and maturer sense of responsibility. "Resolved," it reads,

> that the Commission on World Peace and Foreign Relations of the American Legion recommend to the national convention in Paris the acceptance in principle by the United States of the offer made by the French Foreign Minister "to renounce war as an instrument of policy until all known means of diplomacy, arbitration, and judicial settlement have been exhausted," and with adequate reservations safeguarding our adherence to the Monroe Doctrine and other essential commitments.

SO MR. McADOO also chooses not to be a candidate for the Presidency? Well, nothing in his political career has pleased us more than the manner of his leaving it. He was, of course, completely out of the race long before he made this gesture, but he should have all the praise accruing to him for it. Yet to us from the beginning it has seemed that nobody so closely associated with the moral wreck of the Wilson Administration would, or should, be nominated for the highest office in the land. While Mr. McAdoo's relations with the railway brotherhoods gave evidence of liberalism and he was one of the warmest supporters of Mr. Wilson's "radical" doctrines in 1912, he was a party in war time to the crushing of free speech and to the harassing of individuals who dared to think for themselves. Nor has he ever found voice to denounce our rascally treatment of alien property. Indubitably an able man, and a shrewd and extraordinarily ambitious politician, he has now placed himself in a position to influence his party far more than he could have done as a pretender for the nomination.

FOR GOVERNOR SMITH Mr. McAdoo's withdrawal in the interest, as he says, of principles, progress, and policies instead of men, clears the road to the Democratic nomination in a remarkable way. There will, of course, be plenty like Senator Harris of Georgia to demand that the Governor follow Mr. McAdoo's example and eliminate himself also, so that a united party can pick another certain loser like ex-Governor Cox or John W. Davis. But we expect "Al" to do nothing of the kind. The plum seems to be so certain to fall into his lap that it is almost impossible to conceive of his quitting now. The opposition to him faces the dreadful handicap that there is not a single other outstanding personality in the Democratic Party upon which it could unite. The drys do not want him and neither do the bigots who still think that to elect New York's

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Governor is really to send the Pope to the White House. But who is their candidate? To such depths has the Democratic Party fallen that the only other men who can be suggested are former-Secretary of Agriculture Meredith, ex-Governor Silzer of New Jersey, and Governor Donahey of Ohio, second-rank men who are known only because of their offices. There is no dry Democrat in the Senate who stands out by his ability. So the Democracy faces the dilemma of having to choose "Al" Smith or some relatively unknown person. In the years since the last convention not a single new figure has appeared in its ranks with evidence of the qualities of leadership. What a commentary upon our politics that simple statement is.

HOME-MADE REPUBLICS do not always stay tied to mother's apron-strings. There's the case of ungrateful Panama. It was Theodore Roosevelt's enthusiastic and protective and immediate recognition of the Panaman revolutionaries in 1903 which established the former Columbian province of Panama as a sovereign, independent nation, entitled, later, to membership in the League of Nations. The purpose of its "sovereignty" was to transfer to the United States control of the Canal Zone. The purpose of the "independence" was to camouflage the fact that the United States was grabbing territory for which it did not want to pay Columbia's price. It was one of the first of our adventures in the new technique of imperialism. In the rude, old days imperialist nations openly seized territory and ran up their own national flags. The new technique evades such open evidence of subjugation. It leaves the shell of national independence, while controlling the revenues and the gendarmerie. In Panama we subsidize a group of sectarians, at the rate of $250,000 a year, to maintain a docile republic in the neighborhood of our Canal Zone.

BUT PANAMA REFUSES to stay docile. It wants its toys to work; it wants real sovereignty and real independence. The canal treaty is a peculiar instrument: by it Panama

> grants to the United States all the rights, powers, and authority which the United States would possess if it were sovereign in the territory, to the entire exclusion of the exercise by Panama of such sovereign rights, power, and authority.

A strange phrasing, indeed. Mr. Taft, who composed it, once explained that

> to the Anglo-Saxon mind a titular sovereignty is like what Governor Allen of Ohio once characterized as a "barren ideality," but to the Spanish or Latin mind, poetic and sentimental, enjoying the intellectual refinements and dwelling much on names and forms, it is by no means unimportant.

In recognition of which he agreed to use Panama stamps, surcharged "Canal Zone" in the territory wherein the United States was to act as if sovereign but not to be sovereign, and laid the basis for a series of disputes which still continue. Eusebio Morales, former Foreign Minister of Panama, revived the issue this year and aggravated it when he referred to the dispute before the League of Nations, and suggested it as fit subject for arbitration. Secretary Kellogg, ostrich-like, immediately announced that there was no dispute; and, after a period sufficient for a thorough-going exchange of telegrams, Panama's Government agreed that there was no dispute. Of course, there was and is a dispute—several disputes—about Panama's right to levy taxes and apply all sorts of legislation in the Canal Zone. The treaty which Mr. Kellogg sought to negotiate with Panama last year was withdrawn before it came to a vote in the Panama Parliament; it was too unpopular, because it made Panama too frankly subservient to the United States. The new technique of imperialism, like the old, has its drawbacks. Phrases meaningless at birth acquire reality in the eyes of later generations. There is no wholly safe way of empire.

THERE WILL BE MORE about Manchuria in the newspapers, and Japan will need a steady hand at the helm if she is to emerge without serious bloodshed. For there is hardly anything on her islands more important to Japan today than the South Manchurian Railway, the great artery through which she controls the northeastern provinces of China. It brings her food—wheat and millet and soy beans; it brings her coal, and even some iron; it yields financial revenue, and gives Japan her dominant position in Northern Asia. It is at once her buttress against Russia and her wedge into China. The Tanaka Government has pursued a wavering course regarding China. It came into power in April demanding strong action, but it won Chinese favor by refusing to join Britain in bullying; then it veered again, and landed troops in the sacred province of Shantung; in August it announced their imminent withdrawal. But always all Japanese governments have clung to domination of Manchuria. Recently Japan reiterated certain of the infamous Twenty-One Demands of 1916 to reinforce her control of that region. She has demanded the right to open more consulates in remote and sparsely settled parts of Manchuria, and seeks to veto Chinese projects to build railways roughly paralleling the South Manchurian. But this is not 1916; the tide of Nationalist feeling has swept far in advance of the Nationalist armies. There were anti-Japanese riots in Mukden, and anti-Japanese posters appeared overnight on the mud walls of scores of Manchurian villages. For the present the outbreaks appear sporadic, but the volcanic forces beneath them are likely to break into more serious eruptions.

IT IS GOOD NEWS that as a result of the activities of the director of the budget there is likely to be a reduction in the number of reserve officers from 103,000 to 70,000. With the director it is merely a question of finance. For all who do not desire to see the United States become thoroughly militarized anything which will cut down the number of army propagandists is to be greeted with acclaim. Before the war to end war, there was hardly a reserve officer; at 103,000 the officers' reserve corps is about five times the size of the entire regular army from 1870 to 1900, and only a little smaller than the regular army of today. The War Department seems to have sought to make these reserve officers the foci of military, disguised as patriotic propaganda, as the Kaiser did in the old Germany. From the point of view even of the regular officers the experiment has had some unsatisfactory features. According to press reports the reserve officers' camps this summer have been anything but encouraging, there being a great desire to play and none too much to work. More than that, in the reserve officers' associations has grown up a new military machine with great political power,

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since its members are in civilian life and free to lobby or pull the political strings at home, which is beginning to menace the supremacy of the regulars, who have also been having some difficulty with the National Guard machine. Congress at its next session would do well to limit the War Department to a still smaller figure of reserve officers and to lop off at least 2,500 regular officers for whom it has difficulty in finding work, so over-officered is the army.

"FEDERAL, STATE, COUNTY AND CITY government in spots in America during the past decade has been as corrupt and unrepresentative as that under the Czar of Russia!" This is no pesky uplifter speaking; it is John W. H. Crim, former Assistant Attorney General of the United States. "Who would have believed," he asks, "that the time would have come in this country when federal, State, county, and city employees would graft from the liquor and allied traffics to the extent of $25,000,000 a day?" One answer is A. Bruce Bielaski, retired chief of the "undercover" service, who discovered, among other things, that there were "flagrant cases of local authorities cooperating not with us but with the bootleggers." A second answer would be Major Chester P. Mills, until recently Federal Administrator of the New York district. Prohibition as he described it a few days ago is a new "party spoils system" in which the government agents were so dishonest that even his own office harbored many of the chief violators of the law. Another man who might agree with John W. H. Crim is Seymour W. Lowman, ultra-dry, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury in charge of prohibition enforcement. He has found so many "incompetent and crooked men in the service" that some days his "arm gets tired signing orders of dismissal." In the same tenor is the report of the New York *World* from Washington that "upward of 1,000 prohibition agents have been dismissed from the federal service since the enactment of prohibition." General Andrews compiled the total of dismissals between 1919 and February, 1926, for bribery, extortion, collusion, conspiracy, embezzlement, perjury, or subornation of perjury, false pretenses, and other serious offenses—875 in that period.

A PLEASANT AND EASY FAITH is growing up in some quarters that the improvement in communications and the growth in the use of the super-power will curb congestion in great cities and scatter industry into smaller towns and cities. Organized labor in many trades is skeptical of this garden-city Utopia. It knows by experience that smaller towns and cities are harder to organize and keep organized than the larger centers. When printing establishments and various branches of the needle trades leave New York, Chicago, and other great cities they go not to seek the aesthetic advantages of green fields and visible skies but open-shop conditions and low wages. A movement of industry out of the big cities must in the long run be in the interest of both employers and workers, but it presents immediate problems that require study.

NECKWEAR-MAKING is the latest industry to try to escape union standards by flight. In New York City this is an industry which has been saved by organization from sweatshop conditions. Lately the growth of homework has threatened what the workers had won. After long negotiations the union made an agreement with the association providing for a transfer of all home work to factories—a transfer to be completed in eighteen months. Promptly four firms resigned from the association and moved to New Haven and Glens Falls, where the union is carrying on a strike against them. Troy, New York, wants more of these runaway shops and one of its big manufacturers has written to New York celebrating the advantages of that open-shop city with plenty of cheap labor and police protection. Not the least interesting part of the story is that one of the runaway manufacturers is conspicuous for his support of Jewish charities. Charity is one of those things which it is more blessed to give than to receive. At least it often looks cheaper and more satisfactory to the giver than justice. But the history of some of these runaway industries has proved that the attempt to operate under open-shop conditions is not always as profitable as it appears in advance. Nevertheless the task of organizing the small towns and cities is one of the biggest jobs before the unions and we wish them luck.

STUDENT LEADERS of the collegiate Young Men's Christian Association have won a striking victory for youth and youth's dreams. As a protest against the subordination of the college organization to the sedentary Home Division of the national Y. M. C. A. the entire national student committee, with its secretaries, resigned. Fearing secession and facing the prospect of an independent college movement, the older men on the General Board of the Y. M. C. A. have surrendered to the rebels on every major point. The surrender has still to be confirmed by the National Council of the organization, but there is little prospect of a veto. In the future the students will have their own department of the Y. M. C. A., elect their own paid representatives, and have the power to add any items they desire to the budget of college work. It means more life, more freedom, more variety in college work. *The Nation* pointed out last year that the control of college Y. M. C. A.s by the conservative business men who dominate the city Y. M. C. A. was deadening and incongruous. The autonomous college associations are now free to show whether their gospel still has power in this jazz age to become a living force on the American campus.

THE MOTION-PICTURE INDUSTRY, like the Boston *Herald*, thinks that the Sacco-Vanzetti case is "closed." It so informed theater-owners in a bulletin recently sent out which said: "The case is closed on the screen, voluntarily. Executives of the news-reel companies were unanimous in their decision to eliminate all reference to the matter in their releases. . . . Films in the vault will be burned." This is what one would expect of the film peddlers; they deal only in treacle and tripe. Nothing that could possibly offend "authority" or "respectability" can pass their censorship. True, they will crawl on their bellies to spread "preparedness" pap for the war and navy departments, but when it comes to a trifling matter like justice for individuals they shut up like clams. It happens not to be in the power of either the Boston *Herald* or the motion-picture industry to "close" the Sacco-Vanzetti case. As Romain Rolland says in an impressive letter printed on another page, the issue now belongs to the world—and to history. And history has a habit of reopening just those issues which contemporary tyranny and cowardice are most anxious to "close."

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The Tariff Reckoning Begins

THE tariff war now looming between the United States and France comes as a shock, we suppose, to the bulk of our business men. They, like most of our countrymen, have long fancied themselves above and beyond all other countries, especially since the World War. The greatest, richest, and most powerful nation could do just what it pleased—let the devil take the hindmost. So we have persistently built a Chinese wall around our country and calmly assured the rest of the world that it would have to buy our goods but that we would take from it only such as could climb over the customs barriers and find a paying market here. Our effrontery has not stopped there. We have demanded of our late allies that they pay the debts they owe us for advances made during the war, and when they have asked us how they could do this if we excluded them from our markets by means of the high tariff, we have simply thumbed our noses at them, told them that was their lookout, and that nonetheless we should exact the last farthing of the settlements that we had arrived at.

Even this is not the height of our impudence. We have deliberately sent a flock of agents abroad to pry into the secrets of foreign manufacturers in order to judge from their books just what their costs are and then calmly planned to raise the tariff in certain cases in order to make sure of excluding their goods. This we did by deliberately deluding the foreign manufacturers and making them think that if they only opened their books to our governmental spies we might lower the tariff. To an amazing degree foreigners have permitted our agents to do this —often the spies were incompetent, sometimes, it is said, corrupt, and always their manners were to seek. Were any foreign countries to send similar spies into this country they would be held up at Ellis Island and sent back by the next steamer. We cannot conceive of an American manufacturer allowing agents of the French or German governments to learn his trade secrets.

Naturally our procedure has roused bitter antagonism. Now, however, the Argentine Republic, already outraged by the Sacco-Vanzetti case, and by our tariff upon her frozen meats, has sent word that the tariff investigators whom the United States proposed to dispatch to look into the costs of raising corn and flaxseed in the Argentine will not be welcome and had better stay at home. They do not propose to put up with this impertinence, and are not deluded by the prospect of selling more corn than usual to the United States this year because of our limited corn crop. They know what the European countries have now learned, that a visit from these American spies is apt to mean higher, not lower American tariffs. So our best possible customer in South America is again offended. There has been an informal boycott in the Argentine against our products for months past which has already cost American manufacturers millions of dollars. What more natural than that it should join Sweden and Switzerland in refusing to permit American agents to pry into the affairs of their manufacturers or farmers?

On top of all this comes now the levying by France of maximum duties upon American goods, and the wails from our manufacturers and our State Department are positively comic. Where is our boasted sportsmanship? Are we not good enough sports to quaff from the chalice we so roughly commend to the lips of others? No, indeed. Our government hastens to explain that what is really back of France's attitude is merely another insidious effort to compel us to reduce still further the debt that France owes to us. So Washington threatens in return that if France does not yield we shall immediately increase all duties upon French goods by 50 per cent, using for that purpose a hitherto unused section of the tariff act, whose character is sufficiently indicated by the fact that it is called the "retaliatory section." What France offers is to reduce the maximum rates under the new tariff by 50 per cent, pending a definite agreement, thus giving America a rate only twice as high as that given to Germany under the new treaty just negotiated by France. Several years ago the French gave us a temporary intermediate schedule in the hope that while that lasted Washington would listen to reason and show that it wished to encourage French exports to the United States by lowering the tariffs which block the entrance of French goods. How sublimely naive! The United States had no such idea. It seeks to keep out French exports, not to welcome them.

What France would like is a commercial treaty with strong reciprocity clauses, but if we granted special favors to France then all the other countries which have treaties with us containing most-favored-nation clauses would be in a position to demand similar low rates, and then we should find ourselves reducing the tariff all along the line! So the State Department points out that France asks a reduction of the tariff, which Congress alone can sanction. Anyone who thinks that the Republicans will consider opening up the tariff question on the eve of a Presidential campaign, in which they expect to purchase the election as so often heretofore by contributions fried out of the tariff beneficiaries, has surely taken leave of his senses. Sentimentalists may say that this is a pretty shabby way to treat our beloved Gallic ally for whom we were shedding blood so freely only nine years ago. But what is that eternal friendship we swore upon two hundred thousand altars and forums, when it comes to lining the pockets of the business men who say that they could not stay in business, let alone pay campaign subscriptions, if the government did not use the law-making machinery to insure them the profits they consider adequate? Of course, it is embarrassing to let the wicked Germans, whom we were so anxious to exterminate nine years ago, walk off with all our business with France, that is where the shoe pinches and why the Administration is so angry at France. Men whose export business to France is wiped out will not feel like shelling out campaign funds. Is it surprising that Washington points out that this same "retaliatory section" goes so far as to give the President the right to "issue a further proclamation that such articles of said country [in this case, France] as he shall deem the public interest may require shall be *excluded* from importation into the United States?" That, Washington officialdom evidently feels, should make France behave—although it will certainly not make America—or American goods liked.

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We have dwelt at length upon this episode because it affords so perfect an example of the way that tariffs make for ill-will and even actual hostilities among nations. Who can tell, if Washington does not come to its senses and find a way out, how far this breach with France may not take us? The present governmental policies of the United States are planned as if determined to make us the most hated and despised nation in the world. We are antagonizing one country after another by our purse-proud arrogance and our assumption that we are the chosen of the earth and can impose our will upon all others as we see fit. And we are doing it at a moment when, as Romain Rolland points out in another column of this issue of *The Nation*, we have forfeited through the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti what remaining moral authority we had. If we continue in the same manner for a few years more we shall occupy the place in the dislike of the world which Germany was made to hold during the war years.

Foregoing Theft

THE British and American governments have recently concluded an agreement for the reciprocal release by each to the citizens of the other of part of the sequestrated property held since war days. We have urged the release of all such property, because we do not favor theft, public or private. But the agreement itself, however commendable the object, will in practice benefit British subjects alone, and not American citizens. This seems to be the only type of agreement our present administration of the State Department seems capable of concluding with Great Britain. The subject-matter itself, dealing with stolen property, is repulsive to right-thinking people, and that may explain the desire to dispose of it, even in part.

In the partial and hesitant release of sequestrated property, many technical rules have developed. For example, an American woman—like a British woman—who married a German, Austrian, or Hungarian, acquired thereby enemy nationality and had her property sequestrated—in the United States, if she resided abroad; in England, wherever she resided. Under certain circumstances, the property of American-born women has been released by the United States. England has not been so "generous." She has, with minor exceptions, confiscated—euphemistically called "liquidated" or "charged"—all property belonging to German married women regardless of their original nationality. Under the present agreement, in return for the United States undertaking to release the property of *British*-born women who had married Germans, or other ex-enemies, and reacquired their British nationality prior to June 2, 1926, Great Britain—not the dominions or colonies—agrees to return the property of American-born women married to Germans, who reacquired their American nationality prior to June 2, 1926. Not only does this cover very few American women, but the agreement expressly provides that it shall not apply to property which the British Government has already "liquidated." Inasmuch as there is very little "unliquidated" property left, American-born women will derive practically no benefit from the agreement. In this respect we note the same adroit hand that negotiated the agreement practically throwing overboard the American neutrality claims against Great Britain, and with it the rights of neutrals everywhere, which must result necessarily in a new increase in naval armament.

The rest of the enemy-property agreement merely states the respective positions of the two governments on recognition of debt claims, certificates of stock, and corporate property owned by non-"enemies." It promises no further releases. When it is realized that the British Government confiscated outright, *after* the armistice, all shares of stock in British corporations owned by persons who were Germans, Austrians, Hungarians, or Bulgarians prior to January 10, 1920, regardless of who may subsequently have come into possession of the shares—including the property of servant girls, of holders of British consols, even of "enemy"-owned certificates of stock in American corporations when deposited in British banks—the revolutionary attack on the institution of private property and the folly of foreigners who invest in British securities or British territories will be appreciated. Yet, strangely, it is Great Britain which is shocked and belligerent because of the Russian confiscation of foreign-owned property in violation of international law, and on the other hand seeks to influence the United States to confiscate ex-"enemy" private property in order to put us into the same precarious boat with herself and thus prevent us from reaping those advantages which accrue from financial integrity and decency. In Great Britain and France it is the conservatives who have most ardently supported confiscation of other people's private property, yet thunder against "radicals" who challenge their wisdom. That confiscation is a two-edged sword, undermining law and security everywhere, these alleged statesmen do not appear to know.

And our incompetent State Department does not yet seem to realize the British policy with respect to our sequestrated property, though, fortunately, the Treasury Department does. It will be interesting to observe what further agreements the State Department may conclude with Great Britain for the surrender of American rights and of world interests.

Through Sport to Peace?

COMPETITIVE games, particularly in the international field, have been hailed now and again as a great "moral equivalent" for war. Whenever an American meets an Englishman, Frenchman, or a loyal citizen of some other country, in some difficult game of skill like tennis, polo, or peanut-pushing, it is the occasion for people to start talking about cementing the bonds of international friendship. Discounting the extreme weakness of such bonds at vital moments in past history, it would still be interesting to know how much truth there is in this hypothesis today. There is a corollary to this nice theory which maintains that if nations and peoples play games long enough, they will gradually become accustomed to the standards of fair play and sportsmanship in their treatment of their opponents and will then carry these ideals over to their diplomatic relations. It is thus only necessary to have a sufficient number of international contests to set two hemispheres well on the way to world peace.

If this be true considerable progress should have been made toward friendship between the United States and France at the recent Davis Cup tennis matches—which the French won—and Anglo-American relations should have been improved noticeably by the international polo cup com-

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petition, in which the American team was victorious. Thousands witnessed these contests and the newspapers were generous with publicity. Even the polo games were trumpeted on the front page of the newspapers—the staid old New York *Times* leading the way. Yet, we suspect that a great many of the spectators agreed with "F. P. A.," who said in his column in the New York *World:* "It is the general feeling among us American sports that those British polo players are ambassadors of good will, cementing the bonds, etc.; and that Lacoste and Cochet play too well for any use."

Whether or not this was the crowd's sentiment we hesitate to say. It is, at least, the conclusion to which an uninformed person might have been led by the carefully placed applause. A week later, in the national singles matches, when French, Spanish, Japanese, and American players were again in competition, the applause was as judiciously administered. In the Hennessey-Cochet match, which unexpectedly turned into a nip-and-tuck affair; with Indiana's Mr. Hennessey winning, the sympathy of the audience was quite apparent—even to Cochet. Thunderous applause greeted each point gained by the American youth, while his every error prompted an ominous gasp from the spectators; Cochet's brilliant plays received a scattered and perfunctory hand-clapping. Yet tennis is the gentleman's game par excellence and the people who watch it supposedly share its gallantry. To say that the audience was malicious would hardly be fair; they were only acting naturally—as naturally as did the French spectators a few years ago when they booed, jeered, and abused a victorious American rugby team at Colombes. Both episodes were simply manifestations of nationalism—the same nationalism, if you please, that reached its peak in war time.

Just as it is treason for a Yale man to cheer a perfectly executed Harvard forward pass, so is it unpatriotic to applaud too vociferously (if, indeed, at all) a foreign player. The war psychology has really become a part of athletics. The same "win or die for dear old Oshkosh" spirit that predominates in American sport is prevalent in the international competition. Spectacle games are played not for the fun there is in them but for the serious business of winning—anything less is disgraceful. Sports have acquired a war vocabulary of "attack," "defense," and "strategy." More than one military gentleman has lauded football because it is fine training for army officers. It is difficult to see how an amelioration of nationalistic feelings or prejudices can come about through the development of this sport-incentive on an international scale.

From the psychologists we get even less hope in this matter. They hold that results of a discipline in one field of endeavor are not transferable to the problems in another. So even if one did develop a strong feeling for fair play in international tennis, it would not necessarily indicate that this quality would become a part of one's philosophy in politics. While Governor Fuller, for example, was pondering over the Sacco-Vanzetti case, he was photographed in the newspapers playing football at his summer home, and there is no reason for thinking that the Governor did not observe every rule of sportsmanship.

Some time ago we read about an imaginary baseball game between the Ku Klux Klan and the Knights of Columbus for the benefit of Jewish orphans—umpired by a Negro. When that game is played we shall have more hope of the effect of athletics on international affairs.

The Charm of the Victorian

SIGNS are numerous that we are once more about to turn our faces with respect toward that time, so long and so broad, when Queen Victoria is supposed to have ruled the taste of the English-speaking peoples on all the continents of the earth. Or if not with respect, then with that degree of affection which amounts to respect. The immemorial process is under way. First we shied away from the middle nineteenth century with all the disgust to be expected of a generation just emerging from the prison house of habituated thought and feeling. Then came a brief period of indifference, when the very thought of things Victorian was of something so stuffy that it could not and should not be mentioned. More recently still the age was satirized by minds so keen that they succeeded, even while they made us smile, in awakening our sympathy and our understanding—it is a curious paradox, for instance, that Lytton Strachey aroused on the whole the tenderest of emotions towards the late Queen of Balmoral and Buckingham. And now it looks as if we were entering a time when the doings and the sayings of seventy-five years ago will seem to have positive charm. We shall condescend in the proper degree. It was not *our* way, *our* life. We order things more sensibly now. But our grandfathers and grandmothers were certainly quaint old folks, and you would be surprised to see how readable their books are, even if their chairs are still not to be sat in without pain.

Who would insist that the chairs themselves, and the sofas, and the beds, and the tables could not possibly come back into favor and be bought up with the same relish which we now show for seventeenth- and eighteenth-century objects? It seems unlikely, but it may happen. Certainly it has happened that we now forget the loathing we once felt for the heroes, not to speak of the heroines, in the novels read by our grandfathers. An anonymous reviewer in the *Saturday Review* recently spoke with favor of the "nineteenth-century flavor" he had found among the pages of "Uncle Silas," a masterpiece by Le Fanu, a now almost forgotten Victorian thriller. We too have read "Uncle Silas," and we know what the reviewer meant. The heroine of the tale is swathed in those very robes of delicacy which we not long ago hated with all the hatred bred in us by the Nineties. But she is charming nevertheless, and the story, incidentally, is one that no inferior novelist could achieve in any age. Will there be a revival of Le Fanu? We hope so.

G. K. Chesterton revived Dickens early in the present century—restored him, that is, to the critical position he had been denied by a fastidious generation afraid of his sentiment. The revolution in taste of which we have been speaking will involve, of course, a reconstruction of our notions concerning sentiment. As Mr. Chesterton said somewhere the other day, we shall have to learn to listen to things which we have heard before and which we have always felt to be true though the rules of a sophisticated society prevent us from acknowledging this truth. We shall have to make peace with wholesomeness, kind-heartedness, obedience, and faith, even if it be only a peace of condescension. We not only can do this but are doing it. There is Anthony Trollope, for instance, another great Victorian novelist who is coming back and is filling shelves of the "World's Classics." And there will be more.

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It Seems To Heywood Broun

A COUNTRY largely devoted to talk of ideals and idealism has need of vices. Prize-fighting caters to a number of instincts not altogether pretty and accordingly it deserves a place in the life of the nation. Man does not thrive on sweetness and light alone. But this business of blood and blows has all but lost its tonic quality by becoming an industry. In the public mind no enterprise involving more than a million dollars can be anything but respectable. A little vicarious cruelty is by no means a bad prescription for us, but surely we in America are in no need of an additional dose of hypocrisy.

Under present-day conditions a big boxing match lets loose a flood of treacle. In the first place the public is only slightly interested in boxing, though it enjoys a fight. If the crowds were truly eager to see displays of speed and skill, the various battles of the century would enlist the services of little men. The flyweights, the bantams, and the feathers do furnish sword-play and the quick flash of thrust and parry, but there are thousands who attend the heavyweight encounters for every one who goes to see a bout in any of the lesser classes. This phrase, "the manly art," is built upon two lies, because prize-fighting for the title has in it little of aesthetic value and bears no discernible relation to virility. Women have won the right to attend big bouts and the game has gone coeducational. I won't deny that certain fights have furnished me with thrills, but I doubt if I came away cleansed and purified by the spectacle.

If prize-fighting were accepted as a savage rite occasionally necessary for all descendants of the fallen Adam there would be no complaint from me. My protest goes against the propaganda which would find splendor and moral lessons in jabs and uppercuts. It has been said that but for boxing this nation would soon lose all capacity for triumphant warfare. Waiving the fact that I am pacifist, I believe a misconstruction has been put upon Wellington's remark about Waterloo and playing fields. Certainly he hardly meant to suggest that Napoleon was routed by soldiers who had prepared for conflict by sitting in the right-field bleachers and shouting "Go on in, Jack. He can't hurt you." Dempsey moves like a cat and Tunney has square shoulders, but I have never taken off a single pound from necessary areas by watching these young men, no matter how attentively. A red-blooded American ought to be able to defend himself with his fists, but I have seen the greatest of the boxers and still remain vulnerable to anyone who swings at me, no matter how ineptly.

I know there is no law compelling anybody to pay $40 for a seat strangely aloof from the center of activity. Mr. Rickard is a showman, which means that he has the ability to thwart an adage and bring burnt children back to the fire. This is very clever of him, but I do not understand just why he should be hailed as a public benefactor. I resent the manner in which he has grown rich upon American snobbery. He has found that it is sufficient to print "ringside" upon a ticket, and that each one of the forty thousand in these exclusive sections will be satisfied merely by the pleasant sound of the word, no matter how poor the spot to which he finds himself conducted. The only wonder is that Mr. Rickard has never yet issued a special limited edition of tickets in limp leather or, better still, a privately printed issue bearing the signatures of both the fighters. This would be feasible, for all our modern gladiators are writing men.

But the entrepreneur is not the only responsible party. In recent years championship bouts have been in some measure civic enterprises. Cities and States have lent what was practically official sanction to Mr. Rickard's methods. One Governor all but abdicated his office in order to bring a big bout within his borders. It is not good that servants of the people should suddenly appear in new and shining raiment whenever a promoter comes to town and wants a permit. Nor do I believe that the eagerness of every sporting writer to boost a battle rests wholly upon the itching of his nose for news. Of course, I do not think that every boxing reporter who fills his columns with hyperbole is either a crook or a press agent. The capacity of the public for news of fights and fighters is vast, but even so I am ashamed of the manner in which newspapers lose every vestige of the sense of proportion when a championship bout is on the ways. The most devoted partisan of boxing can hardly wade through the immense amount of stuff which is printed while the principals are engaged in training.

Of course, if the sporting commentator devotes himself to Tunney's taste in literature I'll grant you that he has a story. And why, I wonder, is so little attention paid to Dempsey's literary preferences? Some years ago I found him in a training camp completely surrounded by his books. It is true that they were not his own but came with the furnished cottage which he rented. Still he had browsed a bit and he was not much pleased with the selection which the shelves afforded. Zane Grey and other chroniclers of cowboy life were largely represented.

"I don't like that stuff," said Dempsey. "It's all fake. I've been a cowboy."

Pressed to name his favorite in the selection, he spoke with enthusiasm of a novel called "The Czar's Spy" which concerned the adventures of a grand duke among the Bolsheviki.

"If you had been a grand duke," protested a reporter who doubled in boxing and book reviews, "you'd probably think 'The Czar's Spy' was a fake."

"I never was a grand duke," said Dempsey, and with this simple but profound remark it seemed to me he justified the entire romantic movement.

I have not understood why Tunney has seemed to some the more interesting figure of the two. He is a pleasant young man with agreeable manners, but I rather suspect him of having boned up on Elbert Hubbard's Scrapbook. There is an occasional chink in his erudition. "And were you never worried for a moment?" asked a young woman after the Fighting Marine's triumph in Philadelphia. "Oh, yes, my confidence was seriously impaired in the fourth round when he had me laying on the ropes," replied Tunney.

HEYWOOD BROUN

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Romain Rolland Testifies

A MESSAGE TO AMERICA ON THE MASSACHUSETTS TRAGEDY

[*Following is a translation of a letter written by the author of "Jean Christophe" to Lucien Price of Boston upon receipt in Switzerland of the news that Sacco and Vanzetti had been executed. Permission to publish the letter has been obtained by cable.*]

Villeneuve, August 23, 1927

MY DEAR FRIEND:

I am writing to you under the crushing burden of the impression produced by the judicial murder of Sacco and Vanzetti. I have no doubt that you and M—— share my sentiments; but I wish to express them to you because it may be of some use if you can manage to make them known in your country. My testimony will perhaps have a certain value, because it is that of a man who has long held himself aloof from political parties; who has acquired the habit of looking and thinking "au dessus des siècles" and beyond the passions of the day; and, I may add, of a man who is by certain traits of race as well as of temperament more akin to the Anglo-Saxon than to the Mediterranean.

That which seems to me to be the most terrible side of the tragedy of last evening is not the frightful fate of the two unhappy men, whom death has delivered, finally, from the long torture which drained them of their blood, drop by drop, at the hands of their judicial murderers. (The names of two of these latter—Judge Thayer and Governor Fuller—will be inscribed imperishably among the reprobates of history.) No. It is not their fate. It is rather the abyss which this offense has now dug between the United States and the rest of the peoples of the world. You don't suspect that, perhaps, in your country. You cannot have any idea either of its depth or of its causes.

The question of the guilt of Sacco and Vanzetti had become secondary—although, if now their innocence should ever be demonstrated, the revelation would mean the moral crumbling of all official prestige of the representatives of the United States, and of their country with them, for centuries. Guilty or not, one no longer saw in them anything but two unfortunate men, subjected for years to a refinement of cruelty such as the most barbarous in our world today, Bolshevik, Balkan, or Fascist, would have thought too cowardly, too inhuman. One simple solution was demanded: mercy. And it was this that I cabled to Governor Fuller on the 20th of August: "A friend of America entreats you to spare Sacco and Vanzetti. Even if guilty, humanity would demand it."

For in any case they had atoned up to the final limits of human endurance. One must have a savage soul indeed not to have been satisfied before snatching away the last breath of these wretched, palpitating human fragments. But I am not at all astonished that these bloodthirsty souls exist. We knew similar ones in our Dreyfus affair. The great judges, lay or military, are both of the same species. And the great judges, after passing judgment, would have let the whole world crumble rather than admit that they had made a mistake. This pride, monstrously more cruel than cruelty itself, implacable and stupid, remained obstinate in its error, with jaws clenched. If there exists a Hell, the place of honor in it is reserved for such pride as that.

But the crime of such men involves only themselves. It does not involve their nation and community. And it is the duty of these latter to dissociate themselves from it. Thus did the better France in the Dreyfus affair. The better France, after years of struggle and suffering, snatched the victim from the torturers. It was this that the Defense Committee for Sacco and Vanzetti tried to do—without success—for the United States.

And the most overwhelming and heartbreaking event of all this drama, this disaster in the eyes of the world, is this: not one of the notable official personages who represent the Government of the United States intervened to give audible expression to the voice of humanity. Coolidge found the hour propitious for his annual vacation (perish the thought of disturbing him!) while they were assassinating Sacco and Vanzetti. Taft didn't find it worth the trouble to return from Canada for two men—more or less—who were merely being killed. Borah—and this is bitterest of all—said (if the words are correctly reported here) that it was merely a question of facing down the insolent clamor from abroad, rather than a question of doing justice as far as these two men were concerned.

Thus the most vulgar sentiment of amour propre, of national pride, tramples humanity under foot!

We know well that it is not pleasant for a nation to receive the objurgations of foreigners. We also have known (and we deplore it) that in too many cases the indignation and grief of the multitude are translated abroad into acts of violence, threats, and insult. So, naturally, communists and anarchists have tried to fish in troubled waters.

But you know well, all of you in America, that those most overwhelmed by the judicial crime of America have not been the violent in Europe. They have been the moderates. They have been the liberals, the Christians—all the saner and better balanced elements of Europe. And the majority of the protests which have come to you came from sincere friends of the United States, who, like myself, were heartbroken when they saw such a crime soil the honor of the great nation they love, and destroy the ideal image which they had made of it.

A strong nation possesses imagination. It takes thought. Yours should have done so. For your nation owes to itself and to the world to scorn the threats made against it; but not the supplications of its friends, not enlightened counsel. Of itself it should have taken the initiative in some exceptional measure which would have given the unfortunate men mercy or, at least, reduced their sentences to life imprisonment. Thus at least it would have fortified itself in advance against the rigors of a mistake which would be nothing less than a national calamity.

The pitiless hardness of heart of all the leading public officials in America, their absolute insensibility toward the question, have produced a most sinister impression throughout the entire world. It was a question not of justice, but a question rather of simple, humble, divine humanity. Not one of you in America can have an idea of that corrosive thought which has now been given vitality abroad by this act. During almost a decade there has been spreading

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throughout the world the idea that such was, indeed, the new mentality emergent in the United States; and a deep hostility has been stirring in the hearts of all other peoples. We struggled against this current. We knew that there were, with you as with us all, two natures, two Americas, like the two Frances of "Jean Christophe": the France of "La Foire sur La Place," and the France of "Dans La Maison." And we live in the better one.

And now, here is this world tragedy (no more American than the Dreyfus affair was French alone), this calamity, which has shown the crushing supremacy—from afar one might almost say the unanimity—of this frightful America whose heart is stone, of this America for whom humanity does not exist, for whom there exists only legalism, of this America which insists on having condemned men rejudged by the same judges who have already condemned them, this scandalous derision of all real justice which allies justice with hypocrisy!

What is to be done? The abyss yawns. I know too well the peoples of Europe, and the travail that is going on within them, not to perceive that from this day on a state of moral warfare exists between them and the United States. And, should it be six years, or twenty, or fifty, or a century, this state of moral warfare will be realized one day indeed. For the conscience of the world has received a blow. And, alas! a blow received in history is always sooner or later given back.

The brilliant result of the satanic tenacity of Judge Thayer and Governor Fuller in crushing out these two victims is that, henceforth, these poor Italian immigrants take their places in the pantheon of the martyrs of the civilized world. There, for centuries, one will still speak of Sacco and Vanzetti as one speaks still of Jean Calas. But Sacco and Vanzetti have not found in America their Voltaire!

I am not an American; but I love America. And I accuse of high treason against America the men who have soiled her with this judicial crime before the eyes of the world. Their abominable parody on justice has destroyed the most sacred rights of all humanity.

ROMAIN ROLLAND

Americans We Like

Daniel Willard: A Selfish Man

By DONALD KIRKLEY

The second in a series of personality portraits

DANIEL WILLARD, stern and benevolent overlord of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, has won an amazingly widespread reputation for fair dealing by steady pursuit of a wholly selfish plan of action. He is generally called a just man, and he is a just man. Thousands of men and women, whole families and communities, are richer and happier because their sustenance comes from the great railroad system built up and guided by Daniel Willard. Yet Daniel Willard's first duty, as he sees it, is to safeguard and increase the value of the property given into his care.

No other industrial overlord, it is probable, is trusted, liked, and respected by so many thousands of persons in so many widely different walks of life. The lesser barons of the B. and O. and their respective retinues of white-collar men and women look on Mr. Willard with a veneration that is close to worship. They say: "We love him." Seasoned railroaders out on the line, more dignified and disinterested, give "Old Dan" their hearty respect. They say: "He's one square guy." The newer battalions remember that the president started as a track walker. They say: "He used to be one of us." Labor leaders, natural foes of the position, make allowance for the man in it, and give him credit as magnanimously as possible for doing the best he can according to his lights. As one labor leader outside the railroad unions put it: "Willard's got a conscience and uses it, and that's a damn sight more than you can say about a lot of those birds." Certain of Mr. Willard's peers, moreover, men as great as he, measured in terms of the property they control or manage, regard the head of the B. and O. with much admiration tempered with a very small amount of suspicion. As one Bourbon of business remarked: "Willard's too easy on the sons of guns," meaning, of course, the men who operate the railroad.

But in the railroad world and out of it Daniel Willard's word is as good as another man's bond. His private life has been clean and wholesome. In his adopted city, Baltimore, his advice is respected and sometimes followed in the fields of art and higher education. Those who know of his achievements as a railroad statesman in the days when he was chairman of the Council of National Defense and the War Industries Board, in the post-war struggles between the railroad employees and the railroad owners, and in the never-ending maneuvers of the railroad magnates in their campaigns against each other, and those who know of him only by his standing as a citizen, are quick to agree that his outstanding quality is fairness.

How has Mr. Willard won the trust of his employees? How can he live up to his reputation for fairness and still be consciously selfish?

Born in a respectable, fairly well-to-do Vermont farmhouse, young Dan decided to become a scientific farmer. Astigmatism, not so easily corrected in those days, drove him from agricultural college at nineteen. Needing to work with his hands for a time, he thought he'd try railroading. He went to work laying ties and sprinkling ballast on the Central Vermont, although the foreman rather believed the student was not strong enough for the work.

A year later, when he resigned to take a job as fireman on another road, the foreman remarked that Willard was the only man he'd ever had who couldn't be replaced. Fighting the handicap of astigmatism and building up a strong body, Willard was soon at the throttle of an engine. He migrated to the Northwest and went up the line by the usual steps. Once he was laid off on account of a slump in business. He

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had found meanwhile that he was born to the railroad purple. He loved railroading passionately, finding, as do many railroaders, high romance in the vital business of moving the crops and products of this vast country and of linking together its widely different peoples. He left his engine finally (he had ridden always with a book or two under the seat) with deep, sharp regret, for he loved the personal contact with the mighty machine, and the thundering, breath-taking daily drive down the line.

This love explains in part why young Dan climbed from one department to the next higher with such rapidity and ease. He was no genius; he never did his job, whatever it was, better than it had been done before. But he drove himself harder than his fellows, he studied constantly, he bent every ounce of energy to the problems of railroading as an art. His work was his chief recreation and, next to his home life, his greatest joy. Furthermore, his mind was exactly fitted to the task in hand. He had a remarkable memory and an easy grasp of figures. Whenever he came up with a subject of which he knew nothing, whether it was Renaissance sculpture or the manufacture of axles, he went to his books and got a mindful. In his conversation he frequently fishes up odd details and remote ramifications on astonishingly diverse matters.

By the time Willard came to the B. and O. he had worked out a practical philosophy for himself. It was not very original. He had picked a precept here and a maxim there and fitted them together until the whole served as an excellent guide for a railroad president. He took over the tumbledown and disreputable B. and O. chiefly because he saw a chance to put his ideas into full operation for the first time. His imagination took fire at the thought of getting his fingers on a potentially great system and remolding it nearer to his heart's desire.

The new president came to Baltimore in 1910, almost unknown in the East. The B. and O. was then the butt of vaudeville jokes and the target of local newspaper attacks. Some of the men in the central offices were open to reproach as to their private habits and public practices. Today Baltimore is proud of the railroad and of the men who run it. The newspapers praise it and them. The Fair of the Iron Horse (September 24-October 8), in celebration of its one hundredth anniversary, finds the B. and O. prosperous too. Mr. Willard has been the biggest single force behind the change, and every Baltimorean who thought about the matter at all was much gratified when the president of the B. and O. was installed recently as chairman of the board of trustees of Johns Hopkins University. That honor was keenly appreciated by Mr. Willard, not because it came to him as an individual—he is very modest—but because it formed a concrete symbol of public recognition of that regeneration to which he has given a great part of his life.

It was no easy matter to refashion the old B. and O. into the splendid system of today. It cost $400,000,000, and Daniel Willard had the spending of the money. He was responsible to the owners, and the owners have never had cause to complain. But he believed that the best way to serve the owners was to please the public, to be scrupulously honest and frank in his business dealings, and to see to it that the men and women in his employ were satisfied and cheerful.

With this in mind he began putting his policies into effect. One of his first acts was to stop all advertising until such time as the passenger service of the railroad had been brought to a point where it deserved to be advertised. In dealing with business it was his policy to put his cards on the table. "You'll get trimmed sometimes," he said, "but in the long run it pays." His policies were seldom original. There was the "Safety above everything else" slogan, with which Mr. Willard led the safety movement in the East; the "will to please" slogan, which has become a watchword among B. and O. employees; the "good neighbor" policy, under which any local superintendent is authorized to bring all the resources of the railroad to bear for the relief of any emergency of fire or flood, without waiting for orders from above. There was the plan for encouraging shopmen to make suggestions for betterment of the service, a plan which resulted in 18,000 suggestions in four years. Of these, 70 per cent were put in effect, with a saving estimated at $3,000,000. Half that sum was returned to the employees in the form of increased wages.

Mr. Willard has put one of his beliefs into the following words: "I am anxious that Baltimore and Ohio employees should at all times be courteous in their relations with the public and with each other, and that they should make every reasonable effort to operate the trains safely and on time. I would like also to have their constant and helpful cooperation toward improving the operation of the property in such ways as may be possible—*not*, however, because they feel obliged to do so, but just because they *want* to do so."

There he has given the formula for his own success, with the exception of one ingredient—the mind quality which gives him his tremendous knowledge of all questions having to do with the many phases of railroading. The formula, which is known to every employee, puts every one on his mettle and has resulted in a strikingly strong morale all down the line. The president has set a hard pace and a high standard for his employees; he is a stern taskmaster to the slothful and negligent; and he lives up to the pace himself.

When facing a problem which involves his relations with an employee, the president invariably asks himself: "How would I feel if I were in his place?" There is no cant about this, no sentimentality. Naturally benevolent and warm-hearted, Mr. Willard puts duty first; and he could not bring himself to do a kindness that would interfere with his duty to the shareholders. But since he is convinced that kindness to employees pays dividends, he has much latitude. And he does remember how he felt when he was a trackman, a fireman, an engineman, a trainmaster, a superintendent. He remembers the conditions under which each man in the system works, he has a vast store of facts regarding the operation of the 5,000 miles of track, he is in intimate touch with the details of every department. And he has the knack of marshalling facts to meet the problem of the moment, whether it is big or small. Every trainman with a just grievance knows he can come in and talk it over with the president. Trainmen often come to the Old Man in trouble and they seldom go away empty. He has been known to relieve distress more than once with money from his own pocket, and he hates to have that known. His sympathy is broad and deep, his temper steadfast and calm. He never makes a disparaging remark about friend or enemy. In his personal contacts he is genial and courteous to all men; but he never drops for a moment a certain dignity which, one suspects, he believes he owes it to his office to maintain.

Is that dignity the insignia of office only? Once the

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president left strict orders, on a road trip, for Jim, the porter on his private car, to call him at five in the morning. Jim, the story goes, awoke to find Mr. Willard standing by with a smile, saying: "Jim, it's five o'clock."

On most Sunday mornings, too, a gray-haired gentleman of sixty-six, soberly dressed, with much fun in the kind eyes behind gold-rimmed glasses, walks through the deserted corridors of the B. and O. Building, with two fine lads by his side. He looks in at his offices, taking, one imagines, vast pleasure in this leisurely contact with the place he loves next best to his home. Meanwhile his grandchildren romp and frolic about with post-church enthusiasm. This Sunday half-hour is almost a rite, and it is hard to say whether it is enjoyed most by the boys or by their grandfather.

For the rest, Daniel Willard fits into conventional molds, in his life away from the road. He is a thoroughgoing American with a firm respect for things as they are. He plays golf and patronizes grand opera. He serves on committees and takes a respectable interest in civic affairs. He is a Unitarian, and he does a good deal for charity without talking about it. He is happy with his wife and children and grandchildren; he belongs to clubs and goes to dinners and finds it easy to live an orderly, decent life.

There are other men who have used the phrase "enlightened selfishness" to describe their actions. But Mr. Willard is one of the very few who put their principles into constant daily practice, almost as a matter of course. It is perhaps a pity that the first cause of his fair dealing is his solicitude for the shareholders, his conviction that happy, well-paid men make more money for the railroad. Some may say that workers deserve happiness whether or not their happiness contributes to the welfare of the property owners. Still, call it selfishness or what you please, quibble as much as you like, the fact remains that Mr. Willard's way has made him a useful man in his chosen field, a valuable public servant, a loved man. He has won happiness for himself because, those who know him believe, this happiness has been reflected in the lives of others. His life thus far illustrates the tremendously important fact that the surest way to find spiritual and financial profit is to work hard for the welfare of many people.

Isadora Duncan Is Dead

By MAX EASTMAN

ISADORA DUNCAN was the last friend I saw when I left Europe this spring. She stood in the little crowd on the platform at the Gare Saint Lazare. She had been saying goodbye to Ruth Mitchell near the front of the train, and my car passed her as the train pulled out of the station. I was standing at the open window, laughing and half-crying at the sadly funny excitement of people parting with their friends, and suddenly I heard her voice calling my name and "Goodbye!" She raised her hand when I caught sight of her, and stood still with it raised in the air and moving slowly in a serene and strong benediction. A great beam of that energetic and perfectly idealistic light shone out of her eyes to me. She looked very great. She looked like a statue of real liberty.

It made me sad for a long time, because greatness in this little world is sad. Greatness coming to an unhappy end is almost unendurable, and I had felt that Isadora was coming to an unhappy end. I felt it underneath all the delightful bubbling of her mirth when I saw her during the winter in Cannes. It was at the house of our friend, Lucien Monod, a Communist and an artist. She had just received a cablegram that money would be forwarded for her memoirs, and she was full of laughing joy—that wild, reckless, witty joy that all her friends remember. Isadora could sprinkle the whole world with her wit and make it shine. A lot of stupid Americans—indeed almost all of stupid America—imagine that they laughed at Isadora. They are completely mistaken. Isadora laughed at them. She laughed as Rabelais would laugh at them, or Montaigne, or Shakespeare, or Aristophanes. Any great man or woman would laugh at them. And Isadora Duncan was one of the great men and women—more indubitably so, I think, than any other artist who has lived in our time. They speak of Duse and Sarah Bernhardt and Isadora as a trio of great women, but Isadora was incomparably above the other two. She was not only a perfectly supreme artist as they were—endowed by nature with momentous power and the exquisite gift of restraining it—but she was also a mind and a moral force. She used her momentous power, as the giants of mankind have always done, not only to entertain the world, but to move it.

And she did move it. It is needless to tell how she changed the art of dancing in our time. She was a revolution in that art, and so to some extent in the whole art of the theater. All the civilized world acclaimed her, and recognized in that young brave girl's beautiful body, running barefoot and half-naked, running and bending and pausing and floating in a

Isadora Duncan

You bring the fire and terror of the wars
Of infidels in thunder-running hordes,
With spears like sun-rays, shields, and wheeling swords
Flame shape, death shape, and shaped like scimitars.
With crimson eagles and blue pennantry,
And teeth and armor flashing, and white eyes
Of battle horses, and the silver cries
Of trumpets unto storm and victory.

Who is this naked-footed lovely girl
Of summer meadows dancing on the grass?
So young and tenderly her footsteps pass,
So dreamy-limbed and lightly wild and warm—
Their bugles murmur and their banners furl,
And they are lost and vanished like a storm.

MAX EASTMAN

From "Colors of Life"

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stream of music, as though the music had formed out of its own passion a visible spirit to live for a moment and die when it died—all the world recognized in that an artistic revolution, an apparition of creative genius, and not merely an achievement in the established art of the dance.

But I think few people realized how far beyond the realm of art—how far out and how deep into the moral and social life of our times the influence of Isadora Duncan's dancing extended. All the bare-legged girls, and the poised and natural girls with strong muscles, and strong free steps wherever they go—the girls that redeem America and make it worth while to have founded a new world, no matter how badly it was done—they all owe more to Isadora Duncan than to any other person. And the boys too that have a chance to be unafraid of beauty, to be unafraid of the natural life and free aspiration of an intelligent animal walking on the earth—all who have in any measure escaped from the rigidity and ritual of our national religion of negation, all of them owe an immeasurable debt to Isadora Duncan's dancing. She did not only go back into the past to Athens to find that voluntary restraint in freedom that made her dancing an event in the history of art. She went forward into the future—farther, I suppose, than Athens—to a time when man shall be cured altogether of civilization, and return, with immunity to that disease if with few other blessings, to his natural home outdoors on the green surface of the earth. That made her dancing an event in the history of life.

Isadora was exiled—banished by more than an accident of the marriage law—from America. It was inevitable that she should be. America had never seen a woman genius before, and could not think of anything else to do with her. But nevertheless Isadora was very American. The great big way in which she conceived things, and undertook them, and the way she succeeded with them, was American.

Even her faults were American—her passion for pulling off stunts—"gestures" is the refined way to say it—was American. She made a grand sport of her public position and character. She played with publicity like a humorous Barnum. Even her extravagant and really bad irresponsibility, which went almost to the point of madness in late years, was in the reverse sense an American trait. It was an exaggerated reaction against America's "righteousness." *Wrongtiousness* is what it was. And there will be a lot more of it here, if the righteous go much farther the way they are going.

America fighting the battle against Americanism—that was Isadora. From that battle incomparable things are to come—things that will startle and teach the world. And Isadora led the way into the fight all alone, with her naked and strong body and her bold character, beautiful as an Amazon. If America triumphs over itself—over its cheap greed and prudery, its intellectual and moral cowardice, its prurient puerile senility—if America triumphs over that, Isadora Duncan will be sculptured in bronze at the gate of the Temple of Man in the new day that will dawn. She will stand there, poised in terrible impatience, knee raised and arms tensely extended as in the Marche Militaire or the Scythian warrior's dance—beautiful—a militant and mighty woman, the symbol and the veritable leader of those who put on their courage like armor and fought for the affirmation of life in America.

Serving Two Masters

By T. SWANN HARDING

I SPOKE today with the scientific director of a large corporation. I could honestly use the stereotyped phrase, "You would know the name in an instant if I mentioned it." You probably would. This was a big man, in business, and he belonged in the intellectual strata, again speaking in a strictly business sense.

He was safe and sound of course. By that I mean that he honestly believed Coolidge should be drafted for the Presidency in perpetuity and that Sacco and Vanzetti got their just deserts. He also knew that we were right now in a business depression which he was sure would grow vastly worse before it got any better. Indeed he had had a little firing to do and he diverted me somewhat as he perfunctorily endeavored to have me believe that it had torn his heart and bled his undershirt when he approached the difficult problem of deciding who should stay and who should go. For one is taken and the other left, in times of depression—to pilfer a Biblical phrase.

And the corporation of course works on the common principle—I now purloin the racy idiom of a worker—of working hell out of employees in rush times and dropping them summarily in slack times. Big men of course remain big men at all times, and draw $10,000 annually and dividends.

Being a pale creature of academic vintage I frankly confessed that four years' experience in industry had failed to endear it to me. The director plainly felt wounded and asked me why I entertained such sentiments. I remembered and was cautious. I remembered resigning from an industrial position once and saying, when the president asked me why, that I preferred a seven- to a nine-hour day. I remembered his choler—his denunciation of me as lazy and unambitious; his repugnance to such weakling ideas. I remembered that he, the president, worked five hours a day. But now I amplified my grievances for safety. As industrial liabilities I listed, besides long hours, the chronic state of nervous suspense the worker is made to entertain for fear of being deprived of his job, and also the fact that most of the time I could never count absolutely on an evening, a Sunday, or a holiday without interruption by an emergency telephone call. This at once agitated him and he whipped out: "Well, what do you want out of life anyway?"

Feeling naive and candid I ventured: "I want assured leisure outside work hours."

"For what? To perfect yourself further for the main business of life?"

"Exactly," I said, deliberately mistaking his meaning. "I want leisure in which to read and write and invite my soul so that I may really live. Indirectly, of course, the acquired breadth of vision will make me a better worker in my profession."

He was stunned momentarily and I had taken an unfair advantage. I had detoured him from his customary mental roadbed and the scenery was now entirely unfamiliar to him. Finally he said, with a look of dawning understanding: "Oh, I see! You work merely for a living. You actually live in your hobbies—the reading and writing part of your life?"

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"Not at all. I want a living, to be sure. But I also love my professional work, take a pleasure in it, and live there too. You see I enjoy both my professional work and my hobbies. One balances and rounds out the other. It is my good fortune to be thus admirably situated in life."

It was now apparent that I had produced just the same effect I should have produced had I been gifted to state my sentiments in Bulgarian or in ancient Hebrew. This absurd concept entirely eluded him and he tactfully turned the conversation to more profitable matters. He said he distrusted Japanese.

It sometimes seems that odd features of the *soi disant* Christian philosophy have become inbedded in our folkways and actually mold thought and action among people who are manifestly unchristian in every ordinary sense of the word. One attitude Christianity seems to have imposed very successfully among all strata of Americans is that implied in such statements as "No man can serve two masters," or "He that is not for me is against me."

The scientific director would have been startled in the very same way had I told him that I belonged both to the Moose and the Elks and devotedly loved each of them. Or that I passionately loved two or more women at the same time, none of them being my wife. Or that I liked both the *New Masses* and *the Atlantic Monthly*, burlesque shows and symphony orchestras, which would have been a fact.

This specialization to which we are addicted was not invented in Ford factories. It existed much before industry harnessed it to the practical matter of dollar production. It was innate in our very attitude towards life; it is a natural part of our everyday philosophy in America. Whatever we may have said or done superficially, the majority of us always regarded a really sound and useful man as one who stuck to one woman, to one journal, to one sect, to one party, to one attitude, to one profession. Diversity of interests has been regarded as an indecency bordering on breadth of culture. A man is, therefore, supposed to devote his entire creative urge specifically to his profession or work in order to be considered any good at it. The advantage of a broadening of interests in producing a better worker by indirection is entirely ignored. The idea that a man must have a single major interest is predominant. It is also ridiculous.

There is no reason for the confinement of an intellect strictly within the rigid limitations of this or that petty segment of life provided it is big enough to attend other segments. Time and time again men have been amply proficient, have even excelled, in this or that profession while simultaneously being intensely interested in other matters quite divergent. We do not have to go back to Goethe. Ignatius Singer, British physicist, and Jose Echegary, Spanish mathematician-dramatist-novelist and what not—neither long dead—will serve as examples. Samuel Butler managed to do some creditable work in three arts. D. H. Lawrence and Max Beerbohm happily combine two. S. Weir Mitchell and Jacques Loeb come to mind as authentic scientists who were also men of broad cultural interests.

Dr. C. A. Browne, the noted American sugar chemist and chief of the now reorganized United States Bureau of Chemistry, is a living example of a truly learned man, greatly interested and proficient in history, Greek, and the classics, yet a specialist second to none in his line in America. Moreover, the very successful president of the quite successful Cutter Electrical and Manufacturing Company of Philadelphia demonstrates that a money-making business man may also be an essayist of charm and a book collector of distinction. Reference is of course to A. Edward Newton. Finally, I myself knew a perfectly efficient scientific director once who excelled as an amateur violinist and knew the Bab Ballads all by heart.

But this scientific director left me with the plain assumption that I was simply another of those asses. I was all right, you know, but lackadaisical, unfit for a business career, deficient in high resolve, loyalty, and intense application—probably a bit of a Bolshevik. I did need a haircut.

He also left me wondering, in my turn, what atrophy of natural human curiosity (the embryo of scientific progress) has taken place when so many persist in selecting some great, hurried, much traveled road through life, to pursue it with eyes straight ahead and without ever once stopping to investigate the intricate byways, the thrilling woods, the inviting, open meadows some kind fate has strewn everywhere about for those who care to invite their souls and really live.

The maturity of the human mind is characterized by an independent interest in knowledge for its own sake and a realization that breadth of knowledge has a personal value of its own which cannot always be resolved into practical interests. La Rochefoucauld errs in defining only two kinds of curiosity in his maxim CLXXIII—i.e., that springing from a desire to know what may be useful to us and that springing from a desire to know something of which others are ignorant. There is a third type of curiosity, the most natural and sane of all—the persistent desire to know for the sake of knowledge itself, and this leads always to more abundant life than our scientific director ever dreamed of.

Also, curiously enough, it leads by painful but certain indirection to material progress, for all industry rests upon science which, in its purest form, is a direct descendent of robust, natural curiosity.

Alabama's Super Government

By CHARLES N. FEIDELSON

TO say that Alabama is the most completely Klan-controlled State in the Union is to put the matter correctly, although the sweeping statement needs some explanation. It is not equivalent to saying that all the people or even a majority of them belong to or are responsive to the Klan. It is not equivalent to saying that Jews or Roman Catholics, or even Negroes, are being actively molested because of creed or color. But it does amount to the declaration that the Klan is so well entrenched politically, that so many judges, solicitors, sheriffs, jury commissioners are members of the Klan or submissive to it, that State and county governments are so thoroughly beholden to the Klan, that Alabama is a veritable Eden to the Knights—or was, until the apple of discord in the shape of the Calloway case appeared.

One night late in June, Jeff Calloway, a lad in his early twenties, stood in front of the Antioch Methodist Church, near Oneonta, which is some thirty miles from Birmingham. An illiterate orphan, who had somehow grown up in that neighborhood, he was on this particular evening armed with a bottle which he had drawn upon

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fairly liberally. A body of masked men, who had been uplifted by a discourse from one of themselves, emerged from the church, seized this young devil, carried him some distance away, and whipped him mercilessly. He managed to find his way to a nearby house for the night, and the next day his wounds were dressed by a doctor at Oneonta.

Word reached the newspapers, which played up the happening. The early reports described Calloway as fourteen or fifteen years old. Then came a concerted demand from the Montgomery *Advertiser*, the Birmingham *News*, and the Birmingham *Age-Herald*—the Hanson group—that Governor Bibb Graves should take charge of the situation and bring the floggers to justice. Governor Graves responded with the declaration that floggings must cease in Alabama, and gave orders to Attorney-General McCall and the law-enforcement department to spare no effort in finding the culprits.

Why Governor Graves took this course remains a mystery. As an avowed Klansman, elected under Alabama's extraordinary primary arrangement as a Klan candidate and through Klan strength, he could not have been eager to hurt the organization. This was the first time the issue had been presented to him. The Hanson newspapers had delivered some sharp thrusts. The Governor probably thought this would be a nice gesture and nothing more. These are some of the explanations offered for his bold reaction. To be sure he had no reason to believe, if past experience counted for anything, that the floggers would be identified, indicted, and found guilty. Even if matters went this far, the Klan as an organization would not be involved—so he must have thought. If his mind could have envisaged the truly bitter consequences of his command, he would never have issued the order for a sweeping investigation.

At the trials of seven men, charged with kidnapping and flogging Jeff Calloway, two defendants were found guilty and the others entered pleas of guilt. But, during the hearings, the undisputed testimony of three witnesses, themselves Klansmen, was that the whipping of Calloway was a Klan affair, under official Klan orders, in the regular course of Klan functioning—in short, for perhaps the first time since Colonel Simmons launched his organization, it was caught red-handed. Someone had blundered. The Attorney-General, himself a Klansman, was perhaps satisfying a private grudge against James Esdale, Grand Dragon of Alabama; the Governor had failed to tell his enforcement officers where to stop; a brave judge was on the bench; the citizens of the vicinity revolted against the masked tyranny they had long suffered from; a stupid Klansman had let the cat out of the bag—all these facts, or some of them, helped to make the conviction of the first Kluxer so epochal an event in the life of Alabama that the *Age-Herald* could compare it to the fall of the Bastille.

Then, repenting of what they had done, the State authorities withdrew from active participation in Klan prosecutions. Announcements of new floggings and old floggings —two score or more in number—became the order of the day. But the Attorney-General bade the solicitors and sheriffs do their duty. And the Governor became incomunicado on the score of masked lawlessness. He had other fish to fry.

He had to put through the General Assembly one of the most extraordinary revenue bills ever struck off by the hands of lesser tribunes of the people. He had to stave off the passage of a measure providing for a double primary instead of the preferential system which had served to elect him, the first choice of about thirty per cent of the voters. He had to prevent the adoption of an anti-masking bill, making it a felony to wear the mask except under obviously innocent conditions.

Finally, stung to the quick by the direct charge of the Birmingham *News* that in his opposition to this proposal he preferred his loyalty to the Klan to his allegiance to the State, the Governor tried to force through the House of Representatives one of the most oppressive measures conceivable to strangle the press by enlarging beyond all just or decent bounds the scope of the libel law. In this latter attempt the Governor failed, through the direct intervention of a just providence or a happy strategic stroke in the upper house by a handful of level-headed men, but not before he had revealed the extent to which he speaks for the Klan and his conception of office as a means for venting his private spleen.

Where, then, does this leave Alabama? By no means out of the woods. The State faces the prospect of three years and more of such a Governor and such an administration. Some progress has been indubitably made to rid Alabama of masked lawlessness and the sinister spirit behind it. But most of the fight has yet to be fought.

In the Driftway

IF Charles Augustus Lindbergh only knew it, one of the most charming honors that came his way was the one which Quimperle, quaint city of Brittany, conferred upon him when it named one of its crooked cobbled streets Lindbergh. And if he is looking for a rest after his strenuous continental tour in the interest of aviation, let him take boat for Brittany and Quimperle. There let him change his airplane for a bicycle and explore the indescribable peace of the Breton countryside. Within a week he will come to doubt that such a thing as an airplane exists in this world.

* * * * *

THERE are fine things in Brittany for a tired man: quaint costumes and customs; stone cottages with cool dirt floors where one may buy red wine and watch the chickens scratching on the great hearth; ruined churches in the depths of green forests, where the unimaginable age of the earth becomes a tangible thing under one's feet; saintly statues worn by the weather of seven centuries until they are hardly more than pieces of stone; stormy headlands of black rock rising from a blue sea that goes white at the edges; wistful beauty of black pine trees outlined on a cloudy hill.

* * * * *

THERE are wood roads in Brittany where even Lindbergh has not been heard of. The Drifter ventured down one of these one sunny afternoon and found strange things. First there was stillness so intense that it seemed as if there never had been and never would be a sound in the world. Then he saw a barn in the distance and took courage. As he approached, a white peasant cap with eyes beneath it appeared around the corner of the barn. Then another, and another. He walked on, hoping for conversation to break the weird silence. But when he reached the

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barn the caps and eyes had disappeared. He found two houses and some chickens scratching, but neither sound nor sight of human beings. He went on into the forest. After a time he came to a great stone arch which was the entry to what had once been a monastery. He passed under it into the courtyard. It was covered with yellow straw which glistened in the sunshine. Here too a few chickens were scratching, but again there was no sign of human life, although the dormitories of the monks, which stood along one side of the court, apparently had been taken over as peasant dwellings. The Drifter looked furtively into doorways and windows, hoping to catch a glimpse of one of these mysterious inhabitants, but to no purpose. Through a gate he saw the ruins of the church he had come to find. Subdued by the strangeness and silence of the place, he passed with light steps through the sunlit yard. Then, as he opened the gate, he saw the child, standing by a tree. Her flaxen hair was brushed back in the manner of Alice in Wonderland. Her eyes were blue and wide but not frightened. She seemed to have been looking at him for a long, long time. He passed quite close to her but she made neither move nor sound. The Drifter explored the old church. When he turned to go she was still there. And she is probably there now, unless someone spoke to her and she disappeared into thin air.

* * * * *

THERE are things not so fine in Brittany—superstition, ignorance, fear, that combine to produce that "quaintness" which is so "picturesque" to American tourists. The Bretons still believe in the "evil eye." It is said that they still propitiate the monoliths, those great gray stones, some of them twenty feet high, that stand upended in peasant fields as they have stood for no one knows how many centuries. And if one would probe the true spirit of Brittany he should seek out these stones. They are the most vivid expression of fear, and worship, that the Drifter has ever seen—like primitive cries for mercy preserved in stone. It is evident that they still dominate the peasant mind, for the church has taken care to place on the top of most of them tiny stone crosses. And this combination is a revealing commentary. Twenty feet of pagan stone—and six inches of the Christian cross—that is Brittany.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Is the American Legion Liberal?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is a relief to read in *The Nation* an article so fair-minded as Sylvanus Cook's on the American Legion. Much of what he says might be applied to the Officers Reserve Corps. Both represent cross-sections of America and both come in for undeserved slaps because of their zealots.

The great mass of men in these organizations—the unimpassioned and, in the case of the reserve officers, those interested primarily in professional fitness—have little instinct for publicity and no desire to impose their political beliefs on their fellow citizens.

New York, September 8 JOHN D. KENDERDINE

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The article on the American Legion by Sylvanus Cook in your issue of September 7, may be an effective defense of the Legion, but it is a most terrible indictment of the cowardice of the liberal majority and the liberal officials in the Legion for their failure to stand up against the bigotry and intolerance of the minority.

We have, right here in Boston, boys and girls in the Young People's Socialist League with more courage than those men. Two years ago when we held a peace parade in Boston on Armistice Day, the American Legion, or rather—according to Mr. Cook—its noisy and intolerant minority, were breathing fire and hatred against the parade and especially the Socialist contingent, because we had stood for peace in 1917-18. Yet not a single one of the boys and girls in the Yipsels failed to show up to take their part in the parade. It seems to me that the alleged liberal majority in the American Legion might take heart from the example of the courage of those Socialist young people.

Cambridge, Mass., September 8 ALFRED BAKER LEWIS

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It was time that somebody should say a good word for the Legion, and Mr. Cook has done it very well. It was a specially propitious moment for reminding the public of the great work that the organization has done in taking care of disabled ex-service men and in rendering assistance in times of distress such as flood, fire, earthquake, tornado, and mine catastrophe.

A number of references in Mr. Cook's article seem to imply that the American Civil Liberties Union has been a harsh and unfair critic of the Legion. Probably Mr. Cook either got his information from the newspapers instead of reading the union's annual report, or he read the report with an interpretation which is hardly fair. The one general statement about the American Legion in the report for 1926 was as follows: "Twenty-seven States reported the American Legion as the most active agency of intolerance and repression, the Ku Klux Klan having lost its influence in practically every section." This means simply that correspondents in various localities believed, because of acts of individual posts, that the Legion deserved the prize for intolerance and repression. These particular acts were not specified in most instances but were used merely as a basis for answering specific questions in a questionnaire, the purpose of which was to ascertain what agencies during the year had been most active in repression and intolerance.

The Civil Liberties Union will always be glad to recognize any signs that the Legion as a whole is broadly tolerant and liberal. Mr. Cook wishes to know whether the report for 1927 will record that the Legionnaires of Emporia, Kansas, defended the right of a militant pacifist to speak in their midst. Assuredly it will, if it is able to find confirmation and full particulars in connection with this unusual event.

FORREST BAILEY, Director,
American Civil Liberties Union

New York, September 6

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Perhaps you will grant me the opportunity to supplement Sylvanus Cook's article in your September 7 issue, The Real American Legion. As a fellow liberal who finds membership in the Legion entirely consistent with his liberal views, I would like to clear up the matter of "militarism" of which the Legion has often been accused.

Ninety per cent of the Legion, I judge, believe in adequate preparedness—but not in over-preparedness. In this respect the Legion may continue to be criticized, for various well-known reasons.

The Legion has among its members nearly every army officer who served in the war. These officers are men of experience and it is not strange that their opinions often prevail over those of other Legionnaires who have not the military mind. In the large cities the Legion often avails itself of the hospitality of commanders of armories for meetings and

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social affairs. As a result, when favors are sought by army or navy officers they are difficult of refusal. As long as the Legion accepts favors from professional army and navy boosters, it will be criticized for its militarism. As a whole the Legion has no love for conflict, having tasted of it in the raw.

I have before me a copy of the Fidac Bulletin for August, published in Paris by the Federation Interalliée des Anciens Combattants. In it is a report of the International Congress of Ex-Service Men held at Luxemburg, July 9-10. There were present delegates from the Reichsbanner Schwarz-Rot-Gold, Arbeitsgemeinschaft der Vereinigung der Kriegsgefangener Deutschslands, and the Reichsverband der Kriegsbeschädigten, German ex-service organizations representing 3,850,000 men; other German organizations representing 600,000; delegates from four Austrian organizations representing 190,000 men; French delegates representing 1,150,000 men; Belgian organizations of 115,000 men; the American Legion of 700,000 men; the British Legion of 400,000 men; Italians representing 470,000 men; Polish representing 463,000 men, and Rumanian representing 62,000 men. It was the first time enemy had met enemy since the war.

Occasionally some of us fear the Legion is being led away from its original purposes, especially when an isolated unit goes to the limit of intolerance. At such a time national headquarters manages to assure us that the Legion's feet are on the ground and its mind unbefogged, as in July when the *Legion Monthly* published There's Only One Kind of Americanism, by Rupert Hughes, at a time when feeling was running high because of the action of a West Chester, Penn., Post in securing the dismissal of two teachers for their liberal views.

The Legion is young; a majority of its members are also young—have not learned yet to study controversial questions coolly and in consequence remain quiet when the noisy intolerant minority rears on its hind legs—but they are gaining experience all the time, and making it harder for those with an axe to grind to speak for the entire organization.

New York, September 3 JOSEPH B. MILGRAM

Our Wonderful Language

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your editorial plaint as to the "lingo" used by our eminent sports editors may be extended to broadcasters of radio programs in the holy city of Boston.

On my visit there a month ago, the broadcasting announcer of one of the stations introduced a trio of instrumentalists in the following manner (I do not recall the exact names but they were of Celtic, Hebrew, and Italian origin):

"And now I have the pleasure of presenting to you the artist trio consisting of the following members: Mr. Dooley, who strums a mean banjo; Mr. Baccigalupo, who blows a wicked saxophone; and Mr. Finkelstein, who devilishly tickles the ivories." Ye shades of the Cabots, Lowells, and Lawrences!

Cleveland, August 7 L. N. SPERLING

The Author Complains

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

Dear Sir: The review of "A Monarch of the Sky" in your issue of June 1 deals savagely with a volume purporting to be mine, but I do not complain. I consider honest criticism always just.

I beg leave, however, to call your attention to the fact that my first intimation of the existence of the book in question was your review. As far as I can learn, the whole thing is a simple piration. As long as twenty years ago I wrote "The Monarch of the Sky" and other sketches for the *Youth's Companion* and things like that. The sketches were designedly juvenile. Your reviewer missed their function, but I do not blame him.

May I ask you to give me the address of its publishers, the Purdy Press? If all reviews of this stolen book are like yours, I shall soon be made ridiculous. My deserving to be so does not make me want to be so!

Mercersburg, Penn., August 1 ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

The Role of the Farm Bureau Federation

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In checking the article under the title, "The Armours Betray the Farmers," on page 196 of the August 31 issue of *The Nation*, I find several errors in fact which I believe should be called to your attention.

First, the listing of Gray Silver as former president of the American Farm Bureau Federation. Mr. Silver at no time was president of this organization. He at one time was a member of the executive committee, but for the most part served as an employee of the organization in charge of the Washington office.

Second, the American Farm Bureau Federation did not undertake to, nor was it contemplated in the Grain Marketing Company plan that the Farm Bureau should sell stock to Farm Bureau members. The American Farm Bureau is not a commercial institution and does not sell stock in any enterprise.

And again, this statement appears: "His (Emanuel Rosenbaum's) testimony was received with approval by the officials of the American Farm Bureau Federation." I find no record justifying this conclusion.

Chicago, August 27 H. R. KIBLER,
Director of Information, American Farm Bureau Federation

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Silver was never a president of the American Farm Bureau Federation. But when Mr. Kibler states that the federation did not sell stock to its members he is splitting hairs. The Grain Marketing Company was formed with the aid of Farm Bureau officers. One of those officers, Mr. Silver, was placed in charge, and Mr. Kibler's own weekly news letter, sent to members, hailed the project for months and outlined the method of selling stock. Mr. Silver stated from the witness stand that he expected to sell the stock to Farm Bureau members. Obviously the actual transaction of sale of stock would carry the name of the Grain Marketing Company as vendor, rather than the name of its sponsor, the American Farm Bureau Federation. I was present at the hearing when Mr. Rosenbaum testified and told of his "struggle" to give cooperative marketing to the farmers. Illinois members of the federation stated to me at the time that they believed Mr. Rosenbaum had acted in good faith; Mr. Silver stated the same thing. The following day Mr. Rosenbaum declared to me that as a result of his statement that he would go in for a cooperative marketing scheme again, he had been approached by Farm Bureau members and asked if he could submit another plan.

Since this article was published I have received a letter from Charles T. Peavey, grain auditor, 309 South La Salle Street, Chicago, in which he charges that he investigated the properties before they were bought by the farmers and reported the price too high. He now states that since the failure of the company 60 per cent of the Armour and other properties which were appraised at $9,000,000 were actually sold for less than $2,000,000.

New York, September 6 FREDERICK BOSELLY

Thank You

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

Sir: Your whole handling of the Sacco-Vanzetti case seems to me masterly and your editorials so superb that I must express my appreciation and say "Thank you." Also I wish to thank John Dos Passos for his letter to President Lowell.

Wequetonsing, Mich., Sept. 12 SERMA G. SHAPLEIGH

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Books and Plays

Quaker Pagan

By SARA BARD FIELD

Quintessence of quietness,
Gesture of trees
Or grasses
Bending in the breeze;
His rafters yellow-hammers choose,
Near him to rear the helpless brood;
First-urged willows use
His garden. When he walks the wood,
No trill abruptly falls to hush,
No sudden whir of wingéd dread;
Nor run the timid crests to brush,
Warned by the cock-quail overhead.
No frightened furry feet are seen
Scurrying to secret green.

His pagan spices purify
A puritan-polluted land;
A step, a snapped twig near at hand—
Never a girl need snatch her dress
Fearing dripping loveliness
Be withered by the evil eye.

Only forbidding is forbidden.
Only ugliness is hidden.

In Haiti

Occupied Haiti. Edited by Emily Greene Balch. New York: Writers Publishing Company.

WHEN Thomas Jefferson was President of the United States the black slaves and freedmen of Haiti drove their French masters into the sea and set up the second independent republic in the western hemisphere. When Woodrow Wilson was President in Washington United States marines landed in Haiti, seized the gold in the National Bank, took over the customs-houses, closed the legislative assembly, and refused payment of salaries to Haitian officials who refused to do the white man's will.

That was war time, and the American people, engrossed in the European carnage, did not stop to notice that our own marines had killed 3,000 Haitians fighting for freedom. In so far as they heard anything of the bloodshed, they understood that the marines had killed some "bandits." That is the technique of imperialist publicity the world over, and the Marine Corps copy-boys know their job.

In 1920 James Weldon Johnson, of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, persuaded Mr. Harding, then a candidate for the Presidency, that he might gain votes by denouncing Democratic excesses in Haiti. Mr. Harding did so; and after he became President a senatorial committee "investigated" Haiti. The Haiti-Santo Domingo Independence Society, organized in the office of *The Nation*, and inspired largely by the passionate idealism of Ernest H. Gruening, who believed that if the facts were made known the American people would stop the outrage, sought to make the investigation real, and did for some months keep the tiny Negro republic on the front pages of the newspapers. Then the senatorial committee issued an on-the-one-hand-and-on-the-other report, and the impression gained currency that while unfortunate excesses might have occurred the situation had been remedied. Sunday stories now appear with interesting regularity reporting the astonishing achievements in health and agriculture of the American experts, and the desolate backwardness of the Haitians before the marines came to uplift them.

Now, in 1927, we read that the marines which are no longer needed to uplift Nicaragua are being returned to their posts in Haiti. The American people have shown scant interest in the facts or sympathy for the second republic in the Western hemisphere. Gas is cheap; and when it rains the movies are open.

Five American women, and one male college professor, representing the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, visited Haiti in 1926, talked with American officials, French priests, Haitians of every class and occupation, and now submit their report. It bears marks of the most rigorous editing. Passion is excluded; the bare ribs of factual data stick out on every page. Paul Douglas summarizes the official record of the American occupation—how it came to be, what it costs Haiti, what it costs the United States, the balance-sheet of American corporations in Haiti. They have, it seems, had scandalous privileges, and, with the exception of the National City Bank, have generally lost money. Emily Balch with scrupulous fairness expresses the American point of view that large land holdings and foreign capital are necessary for Haiti, but obviously fears the development of a landless proletariat such as makes Porto Rico miserably unique in the West Indies. She also reports upon the energetic Dr. Freeman of the Department of Agriculture, who has an ambitious plan for rural agricultural schools throughout Haiti, and has begun with a Central School of Agriculture, attended exclusively by subsidized city boys, where the learned American instructors lecture in English and pause while their remarks are interpreted into French for the benefit of the ignorant Haitians. Chapters follow on public health—the brightest page in the record; education—where the Haitians have stubbornly resisted Americanization; public works; the gendarmerie; and racial relations. The social relations between the bringers of civilization and the native Haitians are what one might expect those between Southern soldiers—and their wives!—and Negroes to be.

"Even more than [we] anticipated [we] found the problem in Haiti to consist not in individual instances of misused power but in the fundamental fact of the armed occupation of the country. . . ." Many of the American officials are earnestly endeavoring to work *for* the Haitians, but they have not learned to work *with* them. So the committee in a final chapter recommends withdrawal of the American officials and restoration of self-government "as soon as practicable," with interim civilian control.

The committee obviously labors to be fair to the American officials, and to be practical. After all, the Americans have destroyed the frail edifice of Haitian self-government, and what can you do about it? "Let's be practical," one is told. "You can't expect the American people to stand for paying punitive indemnities for the damage the marines did. And after all, we have stopped revolution. What the Haitians need is peace, and foreign capital. It's a rich country, with great possibilities. Rubber . . . cheap labor . . . don't sacrifice the poor peasants to the city politicians. . . ." Lord, how smug Americans can be when they set out to uplift the rest of the world above their own home level! The committee, one feels, restrains itself on every page of its report; it hopes thereby to impress the enemy. I hope it will. (Possibly this effort explains the curious omission, in its history, of any reference to the work of Dr. Gruening, Mrs. Weed, Mr. Johnson, and the Haiti-Santo Domingo Independence Society.)

But what William Hard calls "the glacial drift of the American republic toward uplift at home and abroad"—especially abroad—continues. American corporations continue to invest American dollars abroad, and where they invest they ex-

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pect protection. The Anglo-Saxon capacity for committing murder in the name of civilization is still unchecked; with smug self-righteousness, in Nicaragua, Shanghai, Boston, and Haiti, we still make of our crimes a virtue. Books like this help set straight the balance-sheet of history; and make a faint beginning toward a counter-drift. The struggle is not helpless. The juggernaut of imperialism does not roll on unopposed. China may seem to be in chaos, but the glacier of imperialism is receding in Asia; and Latin America's turn will come.

LEWIS S. GANNETT

A Philosophy of Renunciation

Platonism and the Spiritual Life. By George Santayana. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.75.

FEELING perhaps the need to give his system a greater cogency and deeper foundations, Santayana has of late been making incursions into fields which had previously interested him slightly. In this book he attempts further to elucidate his obscure concept of spirit, with which he had wrestled unsuccessfully in what is undoubtedly the worst chapter of "Skepticism and Animal Faith." Be it because his usual style is not adequate to bear the burden of precise analysis—to attempt to render fundamental abstractions in loose poetical metaphors is to add to confusion—or be it because the concept is not quite clear in his own mind, he succeeds indifferently in his task. Santayana, however, has asked us several times to consider him a moralist, not a philosopher in the strict sense of the word. And, indeed, his thought obtains attention outside of academic circles as the moralist of "The Life of Reason," and not as the author of one more system of epistemology.

The life of reason is to Santayana the life of balanced interests and instincts held in check or satisfied for the sake of a wide and liberal moral economy. On the surface, as he enunciates it, it has a persuasiveness which is far from being based—as it has been said to be—upon the beautiful style in which Santayana has couched it. For its principle, that of selection, is not only one which naturally commends itself to the interests of a shrewd mind, but one which imposes itself as essential to any sort of conscious life. A certain amount of daring in fact, of intellectual foolhardiness, is necessary to reject it; or else a deeply irrational antagonism toward happiness and a brutal preference for chaos and unfruitful struggle. But the principle upon which a philosophy is based and its final elaboration into a way of life are two very different things. Santayana, guided by temperamental preferences, has perverted a wholly sound principle into a system which cannot be accepted when examined in the light of its implications.

From a social point of view, Santayana's philosophy must be objected to because more than a way of life it is really a sophistical defense of that which was against that which may be. There is in Santayana a radical distrust, almost a hatred for change; a tendency to idealize the past which makes him suspicious of all reform and revolution. His tirade against liberalism—all the more dangerous because it is an intelligent misunderstanding of it, so to speak—is not the only instance in which this distrust finds explicit avowal. Implicitly, his resentment of change permeates his whole thought so thoroughly that the critical reader often wonders whether this man, who as a moralist must necessarily be a reformer, and is yet so smug about traditional institutions, is not really a preposterous, living contradiction. From a psychological point of view Santayana's philosophy is even more objectionable. The system of ethics embodied in "The Life of Reason" is the product of a timid yet dogmatic spirit, apathetic to the thrill and danger of life; of a spirit naive enough, or arrogant enough, to pretend that it holds the key to wisdom in its hands. For that fine discrimination which Santayana persuades one to use, that selectiveness in meeting immediate contingencies, has not really wisdom for its source, but fear of experience, which invokes a meretricious, timorous wisdom to its aid. Lack of courage—not intellectual, of course, nor moral, but courage to live—dictates in his thought reason's choice, and makes him prefer the pale happiness of denial to the risk of utter loss or success, which the man eager for life for its own sake would prefer to mediocre satisfaction. Either apathy or a low vitality causes him to hold as essentially evil the lust of experience, and makes him counsel the absolute eschewing of pain, as if pain, too, did not have its rewards, greater often than those of a calculating, narrow-visioned shopkeeper's love of safety. There can be no room therefore in his system, and in fact there is none, for the hero and for the martyr—though there may be no lack of praise for those who have been consecrated and are thus rendered safe—since the risks these choose are a tacit denial of the validity of happiness as an absolute ethical criterion. Obviously, a way of life with such limitations may be very well adapted to a finished, settled, perfect world, or to a world of philosophers, but it is certainly not a useful grammar of conduct in a world which remains yet to be conquered, and which resists conquest with irrational tenacity.

This is perhaps the main reason why Santayana has so signally failed to make a scratch upon American life. The American, a gambler, a man of action who must wreak his superabundant energy upon any object irrespective of ultimate consequences, may feel for Santayana's system of squeamish renunciation the same mixture of admiration and respect which the ragamuffin feels for the poor little rich boy. But he also feels a tremendous temperamental incompatibility with it. Renunciation may possibly be the better part of wisdom and the foregoing of experience itself an experience. A certain amount of renunciation is certainly imperative to the well-ordered life. But in Santayana's system it becomes an implicit end in itself. An ethics such as this, so closely girt with the staid neat row of elms of an academic view of life, cannot serve as inspiration or guide to a people adventurous and daring. It can only appeal to men afraid lest life impinge its luxuriance and its brutality upon their safety.

ELISEO VIVAS

Merezhkovsky

The Birth of the Gods. By Dimitri S. Merezhkovsky. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.

Akhnaton. By Dimitri S. Merezhkovsky. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

MEREZHKOVSKY is always Merezhkovsky—a grotesque and pathetic little figure, a miniature compound image of Soloviev and Dostoievsky. Yet it is curious to see this purblind little man, this dogmatic little scholar in "silk morning dress and tasseled slippers," clench his fists, puff his cheeks, pop his eyes, and try to execute one grand and unprecedented leap into futurity. The present? He disdains the present. Contemporary wars and revolutions mean little to him. Together with his dogmas and his linens, he packs his endless excerpts from countless authors and scuttles off abroad, to Poland, to France, anywhere out of the Communist inferno. After a bit of fussing and fulminating, he settles in Paris, and there he does his great, his final, his glorious leap. Merezhkovsky disdains the present. By soaring over mankind's remote and pagan past, over ancient lands and forgotten civilizations, over countless ages in man's history, he hopes to reach the future. A rather devious way of getting there, but for a man of Merezhkovsky's courage to scale infinitude is a simple matter, particularly since he is possessed of mystical powers. Striking a flying posture, he whispers "abracadabra" and he is off.

To Merezhkovsky's eclectic mind the development of mankind from its earliest beginnings to the Java man and from the Java man to modern times is the "geometrical space in which the Body of Christ is being formed." All of pre-Christian history is only an adumbration; the birth of Christ is the "geometrical point that unites the Body and the shadow." "The

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mystery of the suffering God stretching throughout the ages falls at the feet of Christ." All the suffering and immolated gods of old—Osiris of Egypt, Tammuz of Babylon, Adonis of Canaan and the Aegean Islands, Attis of Asia Minor, Dionysus of Greece—"are the shadows, and the Body is of Him." Take Christ out of universal history, and you destroy universal history, "for the whole of it is about Him."

Making this leap through the past, our author alights in the future. For just as Christ was the "revelation," the "apocalypse" of paganism so will the "Holy Ghost," the "Mother," be the revelation, the apocalypse, of Christianity. Paganism was the religion of the Father foreshadowing the coming of the Son; Christianity is the religion of the Son foreshadowing the coming of the "Mother."

"The Birth of the Gods" and its sequel "Akhnaton," one dealing with ancient Crete, the other with Egypt during the reign of Akhnaton, are not novels at all. They are merely illustrations of the first part of the author's thesis, namely, that Christianity is the apocalypse of paganism. In these "novels" the men are not men, and the women are not women. Love is not love, and hatred is not hatred. The characters are puppets whom Merezhkovsky compels to tremble and shiver, to utter mystical words, to have epileptic fits, and to prophesy His coming. One does not believe Merezhkovsky, but if one believed, one might imagine that the peoples of the ancient world, the Cretans, the Babylonians, the Egyptians, lived only for one purpose—to prove that "all of paganism was an insatiable yearning for the Son." It is this schematism, this artificiality, this forcing of historical evidence, that gradually begins to pall on the average uninitiated reader. Indeed, the interest in this author evinced by some sections of the American intelligentsia seems rather strange and anachronistic. In Russia Merezhkovsky is dead. Some Russians say that he has merely ceased to exist, but others agree with Trotsky and maintain that Merezhkovsky "had never been." JOSHUA KUNITZ

Washington in Pictures

Washington. By Joseph Dillaway Sawyer. The Macmillan Company. Two volumes. $20.

IN two fat volumes of more than 1,200 pages, Mr. Sawyer retells the conventional story of Washington familiar to us all. It is a complete negation of the Woodward and Hughes biographies, accepting the traditional figure of mingled myth and fact. The more bizarre stories, like those of Weems, are not sponsored—nor neglected. The Jumonville incident is dismissed lightly, the schoolbook interpretation of Braddock is adopted, and Sally Fairfax does not swish her silken skirts at all. The hero is shown kneeling in prayer in the snows of Valley Forge despite the fact that even in church he did not kneel. From all of which it is evident that Mr. Sawyer is more an idolator than an interpreter, and that his biography will be found more comforting to the sensitive than to those previously mentioned.

Unfortunately the author has but a slight appreciation of the significance of the political struggles of the first two Administrations. Hamilton here remains one of the sponsors and creators of the Constitution. He left the convention, it seems, after making an "impassioned speech," but the nature of that speech, an impassioned argument on the advantages of monarchical over the republican form of government, is not suggested. The Whiskey Rebellion is dismissed in less than two pages—merely a rising of wicked men. Again we have the story of the mob that wanted to drag Washington from his home—which is without foundation. The Livingston resolutions asking for the papers in connection with the negotiation of the Jay treaty again appear as threats of impeachment. The author seems to think that Hamilton's resignation was the first break in the Cabinet—Jefferson apparently not worth mentioning. And here, again, we have it that Washington refused to take command of the army in the framed-up war with France unless Hamilton should be second in command. A reference to the letters exchanged between Wolcott, Pickering, Hamilton, and McHenry would reveal a conspiracy of misrepresentation telling a different tale. No biography, however, goes so intensively into Washington's Masonic relationships.

Even so, this work is not to be flippantly dismissed. It represents the ardent labors of a lifetime; and the result appears in the greatest collection of pictures of Washington and scenes associated with his career ever assembled in a single work. More than a hundred pages are required for Washington portraits alone, comparatively few of these, of course, having been painted from life. As a pictorial biography this is probably as complete as we shall ever have. Pictures of the ancient seat of the Washingtons in England; numerous pictures of scenes in Barbados, including the interior of the house in which Washington, while with his brother, was stricken with the smallpox. Turning these pages one can scarcely conceive of any possible pictorial omissions. Without a line of text the two volumes would be well worth while as a biography in pictures. They are unique. CLAUDE G. BOWERS

Bad Editing

The de Imperatorum et Pontificum Potestate of William of Ockham. Hitherto unpublished, and now edited by C. Kenneth Brampton. Oxford University Press. $2.50.

THE editor of this reprint of Ockham's famous treatise is at pains in his introduction to make clear that his interest in the matter is not with the "details of an arid controversy" but with "some fundamental problems of practical experience." This is altogether a proper justification for a treatise which proceeds to a nice logical analysis of a problem (that of the relation of church and state) which has not ceased, since the fourteenth century, to interest the world. But Mr. Brampton permits his Protestant enthusiasms to spread an anachronistic color over the enterprise, and the audacious criticism in which Ockham is led to the denial of both the infallibility of the pope in spiritual matters and the propriety of his concern in temporal matters is made prolific of significances. These appear in the 38-page introduction in which Mr. Brampton undertakes to survey the history of attitudes toward the papacy from the time of Paul to John XXII, with prophetic glances further; as an introduction this was to have been in elucidation of Ockham's work, but it is quite free from immedite historical concerns, and there is no mention of even such matters as the attack of Konrad of Megenberg. Ockham had had occasion to criticize the abuses of a pope, but before his editor finishes he must off to dispose of the papacy.

The text, however, is even more startling than the introduction to it. This, according to the title-page and preface, should be the edition of a hitherto unpublished and unique manuscript. Actually the manuscript has been published before and far from being unique it is only about half the length of the complete work which has already been published from another manuscript. As long ago as 1914 Richard Scholz edited this treatise in the *Unbekannte Kirchenpolitische Streitschriften* (prophetically named, one supposes, for the present editor). That Mr. Brampton should not have known this edition is bad enough, but it is inexcusable that his edition should end in the middle of a sentence halfway through Ockham's tract; the second half of the work, which he leaves out, was published in 1924 (in the *Archivum Franciscanum Historicum*, see vols. XVI pp. 468-492 and XVII pp. 72-97). Had Mr. Brampton known the Deventer manuscript he might have been saved his romanticizing concerning the circumstance of this work coming through the ages in a single manuscript, and he might have been saved too his conjectures concerning how the last sentence might have ended—*ante expropriationem talem habuerant*, he has it, whereas it turns out to have been *ymno quam aliquando habuerunt.*

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It is not unimportant to point out that the Oxford Press has sinned more than once of late in the unscholarly form it has given to what, from the language alone in which they are written, should be learned contributions. Even in an age of popularizations Latin manuscripts should be edited with rather more scholarship than unction. It is hard to understand what concern an editor can have with useful and practical aims, however edifying, if they are to lead him so far afield; one might even suppose, though the suggestion is doubtless unfair to the former editor of Marsilius of Padua, that the human and practical values with which his introduction is concerned might have been better served if he had busied himself with the arid details of learned journals.

RICHARD MCKEON

A Gifted Portraitist

Robert Field. By. Harry Piers. Frederick Fairchild Sherman. $20.

ROBERT Field is an artist who has been little more than a name to many students of early American painting. Specimens of his work are almost altogether privately owned, except for a few in public places in Nova Scotia; consequently it has been difficult to form an accurate estimate of his merits. For instance, Anne Hollingsworth Wharton, in her "Heirlooms in Miniatures," shows an acquaintance with only one of his pictures in the four sentences she devotes to him. Mr. Piers's new book on Field, with its fifty-three excellent illustrations, makes it clear that he is a more important figure than has been generally realized. He was an accomplished maker of portraits in oil and of miniatures on ivory and in water color, as well as a competent engraver. His oils, to be sure, show some unevenness of execution, judging from the reproductions before us. Several of them appear not to rise much above the standard of the average itinerant of the period. But his best canvases are obviously the work of one of the genuinely gifted painters of his time. Mr. Piers's contention that Field's style is to some extent similar to Stuart's is scarcely borne out by the illustrations, but one readily agrees that the portrait of Commander John Harper, which serves as frontispiece to this volume, no less an artist than Raeburn might have been proud to sign.

It is his miniatures on ivory, however, that most impressively display Field's powers. Even the uncolored reproductions manifest a delicate but firm beauty and a sure molding of the head that compel assent to the author's favorable comparison of this work with that of Malbone.

By diligent search Mr. Piers has been able to construct an outline of the main events of this interesting artist's life, although most of the details are still lacking. Field was born in England about 1769. After some artistic training he emigrated to America in 1794 and worked in Baltimore, Philadelphia, Washington, Maryland, and Boston, until in 1808 he returned to British soil by taking up residence in Halifax. Here he enjoyed much professional and social favor for about eight years, and then, having painted most of the paintable citizens of Nova Scotia, sought fresh laurels in Jamaica. Of his experience in this island his biographer has been able to discover almost nothing except that he died there August 9, 1819.

Mr. Piers adds a scholarly analysis of Field's technique and a full description of the 146 portraits known to him. It is evident that the author, himself a Nova Scotian, has worked with prolonged devotion over his subject in order to acquire the minute information concerning Field's paintings which he reveals on every page. None the less he recognizes that his catalogue is incomplete; hence the reviewer may be allowed to suggest one addition: the miniature of Lawrence Read Yates, shown at Philadelphia in the recent exhibition of the Pennsylvania Society of Miniature Painters.

Though writing in a manner that aims to inform rather than to interest, Mr. Piers has produced a monograph that is of unmistakable value to the special student and the collector, and that is an honorable accession to the growing shelf of books on the early art of America.

ORAL SUMNER COAD

Books in Brief

Harsha. By Radhakumud Mookerji. Oxford University Press. $2.

King Harsha (606-648 A.D.) was not only one of the greatest of Indian rulers but also one of the most interesting. Of sufficient political and military ability to extend the empire he had inherited until it covered practically all northern and central India, he was also a religious enthusiast, and, amazing to relate, a dramatist as well. His character recalls Asoka (*c.* 250 B.C.) and the Western Constantine, each his superior as conqueror and administrator, but neither boasting literary ability. He came to the throne on the foul murder of his elder brother, whom he succeeded, and the abduction of his sister, whom he rescued just as she was about to ascend a funeral pile. At the height of his rule, he used to hold a general alms-giving once every five years, in which he literally gave away the accumulated treasure of five years, including his own gems, clothing, and other possessions; at the end he begged from his sister an ordinary second-hand garment, which he put on and then paid worship to the Buddhas of the ten regions, rejoicing that his wealth was bestowed "in the field of religious merit." In more reflective moments, he composed three dramas of high merit, which have come down to us, and lyric poems, of which two are preserved. What a biography might have been written about such a man! But Professor Mookerji has not written a biography of Harsha; rather he has written an account, and a good one, of the social, economic, and administrative conditions under that emperor, with a couple of biographical chapters thrown in. And these chapters are the poorest in the book. We are disappointed, for we had expected a personal study of Harsha.

Problems in Shakespeare's Penmanship. By Samuel A. Tannenbaum, M.D. The Century Company. $4.

This volume, published for the Modern Language Association of America, is the second volume to appear under the terms of the Revolving Publication Fund. It is a detailed and severely technical study of a subject which has more of interest in it for the general reader than might at first glance be supposed; for upon the conclusions regarding Shakespeare's handwriting rest ultimately a great many vexed problems in the text of the plays. There is also the question, much debated during the past decade, of Shakespeare's share in the play of "Sir Thomas More." Dr. Tannenbaum reaches the conclusion that the three manuscript pages of that play, which several scholars believe to be in the poet's autograph, were not written by Shakespeare. He holds, on the other hand, that the signature in a copy of Florio's "Montaigne" may be genuine. He includes a detailed examination of the will. He was led to this investigation by the hope that his study might throw light upon the reasons for Shakespeare's early retirement and untimely death. The volume is illustrated with abundant and excellent facsimiles.

The American Civil War. A Brief Sketch. By David Knowles. Oxford University Press. $3.

The chief importance of this little book to most American readers will be in the evidence which it seems to afford of a growing popular interest in England in American history. Mr. Knowles, who confesses to a "long and deep interest" in the Civil War, has written a sketch which naturally lays no claim to originality, and which in matters of fact is not always inerrant, but which nevertheless merits the conventional praise of being readable and well-proportioned. His character draw-

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ings of Civil War leaders, on the other hand, on both the Union and the Confederate sides, are much better than ordinary, and his emphasis upon these personal elements of the war ought specially to commend the book to readers who like their history in terms of biography. Incidentally, the book should be well received in the South, if the South reads English books, for its appreciations of Lee and Stonewall Jackson are notably friendly as well as discriminating.

An Introduction to Sociology. Edited by Jerome Davis and Harry Elmer Barnes. D. C. Heath and Company. $4.48.

This latest exposition of the science of sociology is surprisingly, not to say erroneously, subtitled "A Behavioristic Study of American Society." The two editors write upon The Evolution of the Great Society and upon Sociology Applied to Social Problems, Mr. Barnes being responsible for the first and Mr. Davis for the second. Ellsworth Huntington writes on the physical environment of society, Frank H. Hankins on the biological equipment of society, L. L. Bernard on the psychological foundations of society, Malcolm M. Willey on the cultural heritage of society, and Seba Eldridge on Social Organization. The volume has many excellencies and, in spite of some perhaps unavoidable overlapping, presents a unity and coherence not ordinarily found in such cooperative undertakings.

The Twilight of the White Races. By Maurice Muret. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.

M. Muret sees a rising tide of color washing hither and thither through the world, but he sees it through the eyes of other observers and magazine articles, and if his chapter on race problems in the United States may be taken as a test he does not see it either comprehensively or very clearly. Believing that Woodrow Wilson inaugurated the present wave of democratic feeling and the spirit of self-determination instead of realizing that his value was as an interpreter is characteristic of the thinness of his view. His opinion is the comparatively cheerful one that if the white races have to go down before the rest the process will be gradual and so painless. They could put up, he suggests, a long defensive warfare. But that is not the kind of war they want to fight. Most of the warfare on these lines has been the result of the white races' desire to insist on contact with the other races on their own conditions.

The Spirit of '76 and Other Essays. By Carl Becker, J. M. Clark, William E. Dodd. Washington: The Robert Brookings Graduate School of Economics and Government.

These lectures, three in number, were all delivered on November 19, 1926, at the Robert Brookings Graduate School, "in commemoration of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the year which witnessed the publication of 'The Wealth of Nations' and The Declaration of Independence." Professor Becker, who suspects that Professor Lyon of the school, who asked him to speak, "hadn't any clear notion of what was meant by the phrase 'The Spirit of '76,'" and who confesses that he himself had none, offers as his contribution an alleged manuscript of 1792 in which one Jeremiah Wynkoop, of New York and Greenwich Village, is made the central figure of a twentieth-century discussion of the reasons which led some Americans to become Patriots and others to remain Loyalists. Professor Dodd, for his part, tells in agreeable fashion the story of the rôle, chiefly military, which Patrick Henry played in the revolt of Virginia. The historical substance of both of these addresses would adapt them admirably to the requirements of an exceptionally provincial woman's club or a moderately high-grade luncheon group of Rotarians. Professor Clark, on the other hand, appears to have taken his invitation seriously, and presented to his audience a capital brief account of the position of Adam Smith and a summary of his contributions to economic theory and practice.

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Drama

Pickwick Redivivus

AT least half the magic of Dickens is purely verbal and hence not to be translated into visual terms. Not only was his primary gift a gift for words, but even these words are usually effective less because of the exactitude with which they convey an image than because of the flavor which they diffuse. Intoxicated as he was with his own good humor, he could make even the cadence of his exuberant sentences do much towards creating in his readers that mood of abandonment which enables them to accept his situations; and his fantastic characters can breathe no atmosphere other than that wholly unearthly one generated out of mere language. No illustrations—not even the famous ones by Cruikshank—are quite satisfactory. They inevitably degenerate into something nearer mere caricature than the personages they are intended to represent ever, on the printed page, appear to be, and the reason is simply that both the narration and the description of Dickens are frequently no more than a series of colorful suggestions never intended to be completely objectified. His characters and situations were not first visualized and then written down but grew in the writing instead, so that they have their existence in sentences and paragraphs rather than in any plastic realm.

To say this is, of course, to say that his novels are not very well fitted for dramatic treatment, since only his dialogue can be directly utilized and since no designer of a *mise en scène* can either handle his rebellious materials as nimbly as Dickens handled words or make it as changingly responsive to the mood of the moment. And yet, within these necessary limitations, "Pickwick" (Empire Theatre), which Cosmo Hamilton and Frank C. Reilly have fashioned from the best and most characteristic of the Dickens extravaganzas, is both surprisingly fine and delightfully entertaining. There are, to be sure, occasional moments—like that in which the hackney-coachman, who has just driven upon the stage, describes his horse—when one is forcibly reminded of the fact that, for instance, no real horse present before the eyes could ever live up to the description which has just been given of him, but such moments are rare and the effects seldom miss fire. The adapters have frankly accepted the episodic character of their material and they have got much out of the episodes. Without resorting to any of that too forcedly exuberant clowning which so often renders modern performances of old comedies genuinely painful, the production does manage to achieve the requisitely exuberant good humor, and without ever falling into sentimentality it does also manage to achieve that hint of sentiment which makes certain of the moments charming. Thus the courtroom scene in which Buzfuz describes to the jury how the monster Pickwick betrayed the faith which the widow Bardell had always had in single gentlemen, is a brilliant piece of satiric farce, and thus, too, the concluding scene—the Christmas party at Old Wardell's—is, in spite of the fact that it is no more than a tableau, picturesquely delightful.

Doubtless the play, superbly acted though it is, would not stand wholly on its own feet. One must bring to it some previously acquired capacity to understand things "in the Pickwickian sense"—one must, that is to say, be able to enrich or interpret some of that which one sees upon the stage by the memory of a mood which only the novel is sufficient to generate in the first instance; and yet, however important the little which the spectator must bring with him may be, it is not much. Any one who ever, even long ago, read "Pickwick" with delight will find the play also delightful. He may miss some of his favorite characters—where, for example, is that reverend and unforgettable Mr. Stiggins who had his red nose immersed in a horse-trough?—but he will see enough to repay him richly for a visit to the Empire.

If—and I confess that it does not seem probable—Theodore Dreiser should ever collaborate on a play with Mr. Willard Mack the result probably would be something very much like "Women Go On Forever," the melodrama now playing at the Forrest. The author, Daniel Rubin, has combined the technique of the crook play with the ethos of the naturalistic novel, and the result is something far from ineffectual but not a little startling. His scene is a cheap boarding house and his story involves three gang murders, but instead of sweetening his characters up after the conventional formula he treats them with all the crass cynicism of a police court reporter, and produces a play as sordid in its implications as a front page story in the tabloid press. It ends when the amorous land-lady who has just sent one of her boarders out to be shot in the alley begins to make eyes at the new tenant, and even a hardened audience tittered nervously at the scabrous brutality of some scenes. The ineptly named drama "Such is Life" (Morosco Theatre) is a serious study of three sisters crushed by a sense of family duty. The scene is the America of the Nineties and the play has solid merit in spite of certain crudities. Crudity is, on the other hand, the last thing one would charge against the new Cohan farce "The Baby Cyclone." It revolves around the efforts of a young man to get rid of a dog too much beloved by his wife, and in spite of the fact that this theme is far from new, extraordinarily expert writing keeps it continuously funny. Moreover it has at least one original touch. Though one never felt quite safe until the curtain finally descended, the fact is worth recording that the difficulties were settled without even a hint that a little stranger, destined to displace the dog in the affections of the woman, was imminent.

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International Relations Section

British Opinion on the Sacco-Vanzetti Execution

BEFORE the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti foreign newspapers and periodicals presented an amazing unanimity of opinion in opposition to such an act. French, German, and English journals, regardless of their political sympathies and even in spite of their acknowledged horror of both anarchistic and communistic theories, pleaded that the United States observe "a decent respect to the opinions of mankind." Feeling was aroused still further by the news of the execution, as the following quotations from English periodicals, mostly weeklies, indicate:

THE LONDON NATION, AUGUST 27

At the center of a world scene that has had no parallel in history, Sacco and Vanzetti were executed at midnight on Monday in Charlestown jail, Boston. The city was as if in a state of siege. The entire police force was mobilized, together with detachments of the State militia. The prison was occupied by a special guard of five hundred police, heavily armed and supported with machine-guns, gas-projectors, and tear-bombs. The reasons for such extraordinary precautions were not apparent in Boston, since the only demonstrations reported were mass meetings of protest on the Common and processions toward the jail. In New York, where the police force at call is stated to have reached a total of fourteen thousand, a great protest was organized in one of the central squares. Demonstrations against the executions took place in numberless cities throughout the world, the most violent being in Paris and Geneva, where all American official centers and every place known to be frequented by Americans were in imminent danger from the mob. Police to the number of two thousand were set to guard the American Embassy and Consulate-General in London, perhaps the only capital city in the world where the anger aroused by the terrible end of the affair was not a menace to the public peace. *For the first time in 150 years the flag of the United States has been treated in every land as the symbol of a great wrong. This is the grave fact which the American Government and people have to recognize.* (Italics ours).

THE NEW STATESMAN, AUGUST 27

There is grotesque irony in the fact that the killing of these two Italians involved in the United States a display of armed force such as no American citizen has ever before seen, and in every European country a police mobilization costing huge sums of money. . . . In Paris and Geneva the authorities had to deal with mobs raging against the United States and swooping down upon every public place, every cafe and cabaret, associated with Americans. "The imposing unanimity of foreign opinion has made a deep impression everywhere," cabled the *Times* Washington correspondent, and we can well believe it. The conclusion of the whole tragic matter would seem to be that the Governor of Massachusetts was able to resist the remarkable force of legal authority and public opinion organized on behalf of the victims because he knew himself to be supported by the blind mass-opinion of American nationalism, demanding that Sacco and Vanzetti be done to death—first because they were Reds and, therefore, pests to be wiped out, and secondly because Uncle Sam is master in his own house. And yet, it may be recalled, the authors of the Declaration of Independence affirmed that what they did in 1776 was done with "a decent respect to the opinions of mankind."

THE SPECTATOR, AUGUST 27

There has been a continuance of demonstrations, riots, and explosions all over the world. In Hyde Park on Tuesday night a very large crowd was dispersed by the police. Some persons were injured chiefly through being thrown down by the jostling crowd which was trying to escape. There is no doubt that the whole Sacco-Vanzetti affair has caused considerable misgiving among many thoughtful Americans. As such incidents, which provoke hot foreign criticism, are likely to lead to bad feeling, let us be precise once more as to where we think criticism is justified and where it is not. . . . The defects to which we think we are entitled to call attention are the fact that Judge Thayer should hear appeals against himself and that there should have been the monstrous delay of six years during which the condemned men were in unrelieved suspense.

THE ECONOMIST, AUGUST 27

Compared to the torment of constantly expecting, year in and year out, to be put to death, the final infliction of the penalty seems almost an anti-climax—a relaxation of the tension rather than the last turn of the screw. When we turn, however, from the humanitarian aspect of the case to regard it as a social phenomenon, the interesting fact is the violence of the emotion which it has aroused and the extent to which this emotion has propagated itself through all countries and all classes. To begin with, no doubt, it was not unmixed with political partisanship. In the earlier protests, the most prominent part was played by the political organizations of the condemned men's fellow-Communists; and no doubt the Communist leaders, beyond their genuine and spontaneous feeling for their comrades, saw in this agitation a favorable opportunity for spreading the atmosphere of the class war. Another political current, again, has been derived from the gradually accumulated irritation against the United States which undoubtedly exists both in Europe and in Latin-America, and which has found vent, in those continents, in a campaign on behalf of Sacco and Vanzetti, in which the "bourgeoise" has participated almost as heartily as the "proletariat." The point of real interest is that, beyond these expressions of class or continental feeling for which the martyrdom of these two European Communists in America has given occasion, there has been called into activity a genuine international public opinion of a quite disinterested kind . . . and as it becomes less emotional and better informed, it may become the greatest force for good.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS, SEPTEMBER

On Tuesday, August 23, something happened whose consequences will stretch far on in time; one of those events which, by crystallizing men's fluid thoughts, shape them to belief and action. Two obscure Italians, Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti, who had lain in jail seven years on a charge of murder for robbery, were electrocuted by sentence of the Massachusetts court of justice. During those seven years millions of people all over the world came to believe these two men innocent. Never has there been such a world-wide passion of revolt against a judicial sentence. The Dreyfus case was nothing to it. In America itself a devoted committee gave time and poured out money in protest and defense. In Latin-America, in Britain and Germany and France, and even in Switzerland, oft-renewed popular demonstrations have witnessed to deep feeling. It is the nature of that feeling which gives peculiar political and social importance to the killing of these two. Outraged sense of justice, pity for men so long tortured, gave poignancy to feeling; but the intensity of passion which bound millions together over this case is the measure of their conviction that there is no justice for those who take political means to change fundamentally the lot of the worker. They may tinker, but they may not try to change the social order. Above all, the institution of war is sacred. These two men were pacifist anarchists, and therefore terrible.

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It is probable that those responsible for American justice believed that they were honestly doing the right thing; that is the ghastly part of it. Hot-blooded murder is not half so ghastly as such stupid automatism. Some of the demonstrations against the process of law have seemed, on the surface, as unmeaning and as undirected; basically, however, the most violent and senseless of them had an infinitely deeper and sounder foundation in humanity.

THE NEW LEADER, AUGUST 26

The incredible has happened. Sacco and Vanzetti have been electrocuted, despite the moral protest of the whole world. Their names and words will be revered through history. The day will come when even America will be proud of them and ashamed of their murderers, as we are proud of the many martyrs in British history and ashamed of those who did them to death.

The explanation of the indifference of the Massachusetts judicial authorities to the opinion of the world is indicated in one of the messages sent by the *Daily News* correspondent. "At the eleventh hour public opinion in America remains unchanged," he cabled:

> *That opinion, in brief, is that it is better these men die rather than anarchists and immigrants should get encouragement to attack the political basis on which prosperity rests.*

Even from this callous point of view the American ruling class will find that it has made a mistake. The murder of Sacco and Vanzetti has done more to bring the "political basis" of America into contempt than all the propaganda of the anarchists.

The Fascist State

THE following view of the Fascist state is from the London *Times* of August 18:

The war bore particularly hard, in Italy, upon the lower middle class, from which come the professional men, the physicians, lawyers, doctors, and engineers—all those, in a word, who see in a university degree a means of making a career, in a country where industry, commerce, and colonies do not yet attract and absorb, as in England and America, a great part of the population. The youths of the lower middle class, whose studies were interrupted and whose ordinary channels of life were upset by the war, have thrown themselves into the Fascist movement just as they would have thrown themselves into any political movement aiming at seizing the state and all its resources. Signor Mussolini, who sometimes is sincere to the point of brutality, once said that, all things considered, the Fascist revolution had simply been "a violent substitution of men." The conquest of the state would have been "good business" in itself, but these youths, encouraged by success, went farther and, once they had seized the state, were delighted to help to transform it on the lines laid down by the Syndicalists, in order to be able to satisfy their needs more generously. The Corporative state offers, in fact, greater opportunities than the Liberal state, because it has created, side by side with the regular army, a militia with at least 20,000 officers, and has set up with the syndicates a complex, vast, and remunerative bureaucracy in which, as organizers, secretaries, and so forth, hundreds of thousands of persons are finding places.

With what thoughts and with what feelings have these youths reached all the posts of responsibility in the new Italy? The great majority of them came with very little preparation and with an incomplete education, having been away from schools and books for four or five years. But they came with a remnant of the feelings of violence and arrogance which the war had awakened—at least among those who had fought with less austerity and nobility—and, above all, with the conviction that the war, which they had won, had not given to Italy results adequate to the effort made, and that their country had been deprived, by the envy and ill-will of the Allies, of the fruits of victory at Versailles. Hence their exasperated and aggressive patriotism, their distrust of the Allies of yesterday, and, generally, their instinctive dislike and suspicion of all that is foreign. Hence, also, that feeling of scorn so widespread, not to say general, in the new Italy for the League of Nations, which in their eyes represents the guarantor of treaties which they believe unjust to their country and of a *status quo* and a peace which they think it is not in Italy's interests to preserve too long.

The new Italy has a grievance and means to redress it. Hence the bellicose spirit that it is desired to instil into the new generation, which is to think and feel imperially and prepare for the day—*der Tag!*—(Signor Mussolini has informed us that it will be between 1935 and 1950) when the "wings of Italian aeroplanes will obscure the sun. . . ."

If, for the youths of Vittorio Veneto, Italy did not reap the fruits of her victory, the fault lay not only with the Allies, but also with the statesmen and, generally, the men and parties responsible for the government and the policy of the country at the time when peace was discussed and concluded. Hence their revolt against Liberals and Liberalism, Democrats and Democracy, Socialists and Socialism, and their infatuation for ideas of absolutism, dug up from all the dusty treatises of political archæology and brilliantly presented by the Fascist writers as the new and original revelations of the Third Rome.

Finally, as a third consequence of the ideas and the feelings with which the new state is now being formed, these youths, who wish at all costs to be different from their predecessors oppose to what they scornfully call Liberal idealism the practical and realistic spirit of Fascism. Never has the cult of material things had so many devotees as it has now in Italy. To construct bridges and turbines, hydraulic plants and railways, ports and ships, engines and machinery, to develop industry, commerce and agriculture, is no doubt a promising sign of energy and enterprise: it is a very beautiful thing, but, surely, it is not the only thing that will give happiness and greatness to a people. For the moment, at any rate, we see that its chief result has been to give a certain amount of riches to a certain section of Italian society. The lower middle class has, in a very short time, risen to fortune, and today sits in the front row of the national show.

Contributors to This Issue

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